

Next Month

and later

LOW-PRICE TECHNICS AND THE ECONOMIC FUTURE

J. George Frederick

Here is a statement which rises above the welter of partisan politics and conflicting economic theory. Low-price technics represent the one stony but sure road to wider distribution of wealth and production and thus to the general welfare. What are low-price technics? Well, Henry Ford is the classic example of an industrialist who has executed them on a gigantic scale. They are production methods geared to spread purchasing power by lowering prices. Marcus Loew put their theory in a nutshell when, brooding over his empty \$2 theater seats, he mused that "so many more thousands have a dime than have a dollar." Mr. Frederick writes of an economics that can mold a new and better future for America.

SHE NEVER GAVE UP

Jerome Beatty

Lillian Wald is a famous name in New York City and among social workers everywhere, although the average person has heard oftener of the Henry Street Settlement and the Visiting Nurse Service than of their founder. But no better text for a lesson on unselfishness could be found than her life. Many noble men and women have devoted their lives to fighting for those suffering from hunger and illness and injustice. Few have won as many battles as has Lillian D. Wald. And that's all the reward she asks.

THE MIRACLE IN GARY

Bertram B. Fowler

Miracles, when you find them, are usually in bright colors, picked out on surfaces made drab by the extremities of human suffering and privation. On such a drab surface, the unrelieved gray of economic distress in steel-making Gary, Indiana, a group of negroes has worked such a pattern. The pattern is one of self-reliance based on the principles of consumer co-operation, an economic way of life which as it gathers strength is giving new life to the underprivileged throughout America.

OTHER FEATURES

"The Shadow of the Ass," by Struthers Burt; "Pity the Poor Druggist," by Louis Browdy; "The Sixth Sense," by Gabriel Farrell; "Night of Waiting," a short story, by Marjorie H. Lyon.

F O R U M

and Century



HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Contents for JULY

Let Us All Take a Walk! <i>Editorial Foreword</i>	HENRY GODDARD LEACH	1
Medicine's Horse and Buggy	JAMES RORTY	3
America's Peerage	DATUS C. SMITH, JR.	10
A Farm Woman Battles the Depression	ALMA JOHNSON	16
Poor Man's Court	HARRY D. NIMS	21
Perfection. <i>A Poem</i>	DAVID MORTON	24
The New Epoch in Psychical Research	GERALD HEARD	25
Can Capitalism Keep the Peace? <i>A Debate</i>		
I — Yes, if We Pay the Price	EUSTACE SELIGMAN	29
II — Capitalism Breeds War	HARRY W. LAIDLER	31
Halfway to Infinity.	PETER VAN DRESSER	33
The Best Place to Work	GEORGE JEAN NATHAN	39
This Was Home. <i>A Poem</i>	ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN	41
The Wheelbarrow Coolie Follows a New God — II	ELENA BOCHKOVSKY	42
<i>A Story (concluded)</i>		
A Page for Poets		
Marianne Moore. <i>An Appreciation</i>	MAY LEWIS	48
Toasts		I
Books: A Causerie	JONATHAN SCHNELL	IV
Our Rostrum		X

VOL. XCVI—No. 1

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; \$4.00 a year; foreign subscription \$5.00, Canadian \$4.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, \$1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1936, in the United States and Great Britain by Forum Publishing Company, Inc. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the publishers.

BOOKS: A CAUSERIE

BY JONATHAN SCHNELL

THAT TERRIBLE literary form, the *vie romancée* of great men or outstanding personages, is still in vogue; it was, like most literary forms, invented by the French — this particular one, naturally, not by first-rate writers. This sort of quasi romance, quasi biography is undoubtedly still popular. Applied to what seems to many of us a sort of legendary figure like Genghis Khan, it has its points. But applied to a more actual kind of human being, like Goya, so tumultuously present in his pictures, it would be rather excruciating. Yet what has happened in the numerous biographies just published is that we have a validly documented biography of Genghis Khan and a *vie romancée* of Goya, whose experiences in life were all so deeply realized that we can read them in his pictures.

What would writers have done without our legendary friend Genghis Khan? He is almost as necessary to literature as Apollo or Venus. He is Chaucer's "Cam-buscyan bold"; he has made a line or two for Milton; he is the grandfather of Coleridge's Kubla Khan, the ancestor of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, and if we had the *Encyclopedia Britannica* handy we should doubtless discover him as the progenitor of a few other important inspirers. He created a whole dynasty for the delectation of poets. But Ralph Fox is so learned in Mongolian affairs and even gossip that he has discovered valid sources for a real, genuine, documented biography of Genghis Khan, who, like all great conquerors, appears to have been a great civilizer and organizer. Great conquerors, I gather mysteriously from history, seem through massacre and destruction somehow to advance civilization. It is a little puzzling, but, according to Ralph Fox in *GENGHIS KHAN* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), this Mongol conqueror gave Europe the start that permitted her to dominate Asia. Personally, we are all for the great conquerors; they seem to do a lot for humanity that humanity is not able to do for itself; but, as the Persian sage Sa'adi would say, it is the "slime of corpses" in their train that we recoil from or shudder over.

But the gentleman who has written *FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL* (by Harvey Cushing; Little, Brown, \$5.00) doesn't shudder over armies or battles or even the slime of corpses. On the contrary, his account of the great war is so jaunty that we recommend it to the Veterans of Future Wars as part of their educational program. They will read there in nice experimental detail how bits of shrapnel or old

iron nails can be enticed out of their brains by magnets and other instruments. What their brains would be like after this performance they can figure out themselves. Dr. Cushing did this sort of operation sometimes seven or eight times a day. "It is amusing," he remarks (amusing! Veterans of Future Wars), "to think that at home I used to regard a single major cranial operation as a day's work."

In fact, Dr. Cushing appears to have had a fine amusing time all through the great war. He functioned to the top of his bent and, like persons who so function, he thoroughly enjoyed himself, the dinner parties, the official honors, and the new discoveries (inspired by wounds) of what surgeons can do to the insides of one's head. The great surgeon is whole-hearted and simple-minded in his attachments to every form of officialdom — to official sentiments and opinions. Naturally he refers to the enemy as the Boche or the Hun, though when they are prisoners he also applies his skill to their brains if it happens that they are blown up by the Allies' shrapnel. "After all the destruction, there is certainly much re-making to be done," he observes blandly at the end of his *Journal* and then winds up with four lines of the most simple-minded uplift verse we have read in a long time. How can a man so able and distinguished have such little spiritual enlightenment, such thoroughly official emotions?

As a counteroffensive to the *Surgeon's Journal* we commend E. M. Forster's *ABINGER HARVEST* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). We suspect from the enfranchised mentality and the large sympathy revealed in this book that if E. M. Forster should discover himself with any of Dr. Cushing's official reflexes he would likely invite the surgeon to perform a cranial operation on him with a magnet. English culture at its best, at its highest, produces some of the most magnanimous, the most human, the most fair-minded people in the world. It is the imitation English gentleman who is terrible. E. M. Forster is the sort of Englishman who, with a profound humanity, has a deep sense of solidarity with all human beings. In addition to traditional English culture, he has absorbed some of the culture of the East. Another such Englishman was that delightful writer, Marmaduke Pickthall — author of *Said the Fisherman* — who has just died. E. M. Forster refers to him in one of the essays in this book — essays about everything and everybody, from Genghis Khan's descendant, Babur, to Voltaire and Ibsen and Proust and Con-

rad. So many books are now being written by writers with semiliterate and even subhuman minds that it is a great pleasure to read a book by a writer of such enlightenment, humor, and knowledge.

STRANGE GLORY, by L. H. Myers (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00), is another book, this time completely imaginative, by another writer of civilized and enlightened intelligence. It is a novel, a love story, with a setting in a forest in Louisiana. Like *The Last Puritan* it is a philosophic novel but in a totally different way. The author has meditated on man, nature, and modern interpretations of science and politics, so that the forest, the science, and the politics seem to reflect every dream and every intuition of the characters. L. H. Myers has a cultivated and accomplished mind with a distinctive vision of the world.

II

HOW MANY of the minds that are coming in stir us as some of the minds that are going out excited their contemporaries in their heyday? Do any of the young or middle-aged writers equal in influence the Bernard Shaw of the first quarter of this century? But his color is on the wane, and his early faults are becoming more and more exaggerated. He was always a bit of a puppet master, and in these latest plays of his, *THE SIMPLETON OF THE UNEXPECTED ISLANDS* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50), it is the puppet master who dominates, the old puppet master who in the course of time has lost nearly everything but the skill to manipulate his figures. The figures talk divertingly enough, but the voice that speaks for each is always the same voice; there is not much flesh and blood in the present set of characters, but the old puppet master still deserves a crowd before his booth and strong handclaps from his audience.

Shaw's fellow Dubliner, Oscar Wilde, has become a sort of legendary figure, for he did strange and fantastic and legend-making things, and one of the most fantastic of all, his lecture tour in America at the age of twenty-eight, is related in *OSCAR WILDE DISCOVERS AMERICA*, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith, (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50). It is one of the most diverting histories we have read in a long time and indeed a well-documented history of the rip-roaring America of the 'eighties into which the aesthete intruded. Wilde was mocked at, even cruelly mocked at, but he was a match for pretty nearly everybody, not only mentally but physically. When the hard

Books

drinkers invited him to parties with the intention of making the lily bearer unaesthetically drunk and *non compos mentis*, it was he who drank them under the table and, leaving the corpses on the field, descended the stairs steadily and gracefully, both his head and his feet unshaken.

We are willing to lay a wager that Oscar Wilde's influence on America and on American life was greater than that of any other personage of his time. His aesthetics may have been smiled at, but they were wholeheartedly adopted, for they were very sound. There is not a single American household which does not still show Oscar Wilde's idea of decoration. A little selection from Oscar Wilde's lectures and remarks in America would make as good and handy a booklet of aesthetics as one need have. In short, *Oscar Wilde Discovers America* is worth reading from many points of view, one of them being that it is a very good history of America in his time with quotations from all the newspapers, illustrated with contemporary drawings, photographs, and caricatures.

Lewis and Smith's book is so carefully documented that we feel secure about its accuracy in a way that we cannot feel at all about Manfred Schneider's fictionized biography of the Spanish painter (GOYA; Knight, \$2.75). Writers fictionize biography and history with the notion that they are making them dramatic. This, it seems to us, is always a delusion. A plain Life of Goya by one who thoroughly knew his job as a biographer and art critic could have been full of drama, illustrated by Goya's own pictures and etchings, the bullfights, the fiestas, the court groups, the portraits. Manfred Schneider's idea of making the material dramatic is to write like this — "He called her request that he notice no other woman absurd, unnatural, foolish, and even hinted at her age. She screamed at him, shed tears, wailed." Of course, if the reader likes this sort of writing, this may be the very life of Goya for him.

III

MARGARET LEAMY's book, PARNELL'S FAITHFUL FEW (Macmillan, \$2.50), is not, of course, a life of Parnell, but it will be one of the valid source books for such a life. The very naïveté of her writing gives her recollections charm and reality. She knew Parnell from the time she became the bride of one of his trusted followers until his mournful end. Parnell's career will always attract poets and romancers; it has the classic lines — the strong, silent man of powerful character on whom the destiny of a nation depends; the secret, passionate love affair; the public disgrace; the betrayal by his followers; his end, still in his strong manhood.

Mirroring Current History

A PLACE ON THE RIM IN THE SUN OF THE ABYSS

Grover Clark

Do colonies pay? An expert studies the experiences of five colony-holding nations.

In view of the international situation, no book is more timely than this. \$2.50

J. T. Shotwell

A noted historian examines the various crises which have produced today's imbroglio.

How the League of Nations could be reorganized is one of several notable features. \$3.00

at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



Special
Features

MATHILDE WEIL: LITERARY AGENT

Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

This column is ideal for small announcements. Write for interesting rates to: Advertising Department, Forum Magazine, 570 Lexington Ave., New York City.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited. Upper and Lower Schools. New fire-proof buildings. Best health record. Small classes. Supervised study. Prepares for college or business.

Able faculty. R.O.T.C. Athletics. Give your boy what he cannot lose — education. Catalog. 39th year. Write: Dr. J. J. Wicker, Pres., or Col. N. J. Perkins, H.M., Box R, Fork Union, Va.

BOOK BARGAIN!

Minions of The FORUM have discovered, wedged among the archives, a few copies of an excellent book, published in Great Britain at 10s. 6d.,

Margaret Morris DANCING

It contains forty beautiful half-tone illustrations of graceful damsels cavorting upon the greensward, and it includes an introduction and outline of her method by Margaret Morris herself. A very superior book, indeed, and cheap at

97c

(Add 20c for postage and packing)

The FORUM

570 Lexington Avenue New York City

"... One of the most valuable and generally amusing social histories of the time."

— N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.

OSCAR WILDE DISCOVERS AMERICA (1882)

by Lloyd Lewis and
Henry Justin Smith

A gorgeous panorama of the United States in the late 19th Century that unfolds with a wealth of incident and anecdote as we follow the lecture tour of the apostle of the lily to nearly every city in the land. The many illustrations are, says the *New York Times*, "an album of period pieces."

450 pages

\$4.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

MONOGAMY IS AN ART

Anonymous

If you missed this startling, frank and much discussed article in the May Forum copies are available at the regular price, 35¢.

FORUM PUB. CO., 570 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.

For accurate political news and critical opinion—TURN TO THE NATION

DURING the white-heat of presidential election campaigns thousands of new readers turn to *The Nation*. We invite you to join this alert group by accepting our vastly reduced Campaign Offer.

Of course, you may violently disagree with some of *The Nation's* editorials which present the progressive point of view. But after you have read a few issues you will find *The Nation* indispensable in completing the knowledge you require to form sound, impregnable opinions.

Politics to be sure! But also news and interpretation of the latest developments in science, the arts, foreign affairs, economic and social problems—in a word, nearly all subjects of vital concern to those who seek economical insurance against intellectual dry rot.

At the rate of 15c each week—the regular newsstand price—this service would cost you \$7.80 a year. The regular subscription price of *The Nation* is \$5 a year. Because we think that when once you read *The Nation* regularly you will never choose to be without it, we offer you the next

34 WEEKS for \$2

Moreover, you need not pay for 30 days. But to get the most political news for your \$2 mail the order form today.

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street, New York City

Send me the next 34 issues of *The Nation* for only \$2. ☐ I enclose payment in full OR ☐ I will pay in 30 days.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

F7

Books

Maybe it is possible for a man to be a tragic figure only in a little country or an island. The Greeks could be tragic, the Irish could be tragic, but the Icelanders can be the most tragic and heroic of all. Last month we noticed a grand Icelandic book, *Morning of Life*, which made us feel that in one part of the world, anyhow, a simple, heroic, and tragic life was still possible. But there is another Iceland beside or alongside the heroic and idyllic one, an Iceland of poverty and squalor, spite and ill-will. *SALKA VALKA*, by Hall-dor Laxness (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), is a realistic novel about life in a miserable hamlet where people are ground down spiritually and physically. But it differs from the realistic novel produced contemporarily in English by its strong feeling: in this, at least, Laxness' Iceland is like the heroic Iceland. It is the story of a woman's life from the time when, a little girl, she comes to a fishing hamlet with her unfortunate mother, until years later, a worn woman, she walks alone along the quay. There is beautiful and tragic writing in the book and now and again a hint of idyllic life.

The economic misery in Iceland as pictured in this novel appears to be due to trade monopoly. Could a policy of Consumer co-operation, very successful in Denmark, the ruler of Iceland, not be planted there? There is an increasing interest in co-operation in America, and a book just published, *CONSUMER CO-OPERATION IN AMERICA*, by Bertram B. Fowler (Vanguard, \$2.00), tells us about the spread of the movement here. These are the consumer's, not the producer's co-operatives; they deal with the disposition of surpluses, seeing that the surplus returns to the consumer in ratio to his purchase; this kind of co-operation is evolutionary, not revolutionary. But it is the quietest way out of the present economic impasse, and this book should be read for the technique it offers the ordinary man and woman. It would be well to read it in connection with another book on the principles of co-operation, with A. E.'s *NATIONAL BEING* (Macmillan, \$1.75), a book that supplies a philosophy and imaginative reach that the works which deal with the technique of co-operation are necessarily lacking in.

But maybe the best co-operative movement yet was Christianity, and we are glad to be able to report that this tried experiment is coming back into fashion again. All our smartest young men, our most advanced poets are going in heavily for God and religion. "Get a Faith!" seems to be the new slogan. That modern and sophisticated writer, Beverley Nichols, has written a book, *THE FOOL HATH SAID* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), about a modern's search for God. He lays great stress on being

GERMANY or RUSSIA?

Which Side for You?

Fascism and Communism at each other's throat is the forecast of the next holocaust. Where would your sympathies lie?

MOST political critics are now in agreement as to a "coming" big-scale war, and it is further agreed that the two principal antagonists will be Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. There is more than mere political and imperialist rivalry involved in the matter; it should be a battle between world philosophies and neo-cultures.

Germany and Russia are both under absolute dictatorships, quite without civil liberties; and with economic liberties completely eliminated in the case of Russia, partially so in the case of Germany. Otherwise, and more importantly, the two states stand at opposite poles: Germany is anti-semitic, ultra-nationalist, committed to the race-struggle and race heredity, traditionalist in all things, basically non-humanitarian and militaristic. Russia, in turn, is internationalist, a stern believer in class environment, committed to the class-struggle concept, fiercely progressive, given to rushing humanitarianism forward by a paradoxical violence. Russia is obsessively economically minded; Germany is wildly romantic.

Both states have their vague international networks, their sympathizers and admirers throughout the world—the "proletarian" versus the "nordic" internationals. In the "coming" clash, America will be neutral—but hardly the Americans. Where will their sympathies lie as they keep themselves rigorously out?

The matter is of more than academic interest, and our department—Behind the Foreign News—is seeking an advance verdict. *Forum* readers represent a fair cross-section of American opinion, and their participation in the following test-vote is solicited by the editors. Full results of this nation-wide ballot will be published by our department in the August number of *Review of Reviews*, with an accompanying analysis. Readers will please mark their generalized war-preference and mail.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS 233 Fourth Ave., New York

TEAR OUT AND MAIL

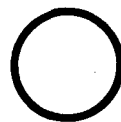
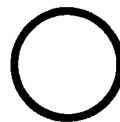
Mr. Roger Shaw
Review of Reviews
233 Fourth Ave., New York

F7-36

In case of war between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, my private sympathies would be with—

GERMANY

RUSSIA



My home is in..... State

My occupation is.....

Books

modern, and his very sensible book will do something to break down the complacency of the rationalist and the materialist; in any case, the plain dullness and stodginess of materialism and rationalism are getting people so bored that they will take up with any God, even Father Divine.

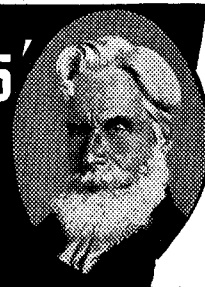
And maybe enchanters and fairy folk are coming back too. **OLD JOHN**, by Mairin Cregan (Macmillan, \$2.00), is a delightful child's book with background of fairy lore and folklore, and, better than these, a background of mountain and sea. The story has the grave reality that is proper in a book for children. We give Old John's recipe for happiness. When asked why he is happy he replies, "I have the sea in front of me, the mountain behind me, my animals around me, and I am far away from the busy world." Maybe being far away from the busy world is one of the secrets of happiness; maybe to get away was one of the reasons why Coleridge took laudanum and De Quincey took opium. These drugs were usually supposed to relieve physical pain, but we think it was to relieve psychic pain that both indulged in them.

This **THOMAS DE QUINCEY**, by Ainsworth Eaton (Oxford, \$5.00), is a sound, thorough, and scholarly biography. For the first time we have a full account of De Quincey's association with Wordsworth and Coleridge and with the Edinburgh reviewers. The letters of De Quincey reproduced are extraordinarily interesting, full of psychological penetration. What wonderful people he knew! There were giants in those days, but the giant that was De Quincey, alas! spent a lot of his life fleeing from creditors. Why does civilization sacrifice its best minds so pettily? Is it any wonder the world is blowing up? De Quincey was the last of the great Grub Street penmen, the editors' slave, writing on any old thing he was asked to write on — literature or politics or Judas Iscariot — and generally doing the job marvelously. His prose, at its best, in the well-known pieces that we remember from our school days, was like music, sonorous and fugue-like; even the ponderous and lengthy sentences had an orchestral quality. This biography is exceptionally interesting. We need to be told, in this age of meager specialization, that the great old masters could write on almost any subject. De Quincey could write so well upon almost everything that, when we think how well he might have done this book *causerie*, our pen becomes paralyzed, and we have to leave the rest of the books for next month.



HAVELOCK ELLIS

PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX



[VII]
His **LATEST**
BOOK on the
SEXUAL LIFE
CRYSTALLIZES
the **FINDINGS**
of a **LIFETIME**

THE NATION says:

"There is probably no better introduction to contemporary knowledge and contemporary theories about the physiology, psychology and hygiene of sex."

NEW REPUBLIC says:

"Has all the qualities of a scientific text except dullness."

COMPLETE IN
ONE VOLUME —
389 PAGES

CARL VAN DOREN, Ph.D., says:

"The best one-volume treatment of sex in the English language."

BERTRAND RUSSELL says:

"Few books on the subject of sex can be so confidently recommended as this truly admirable volume."

PARTIAL CONTENTS

The Nature of the Sexual Impulse	Cruelty and Pain in Relation to Sex	Psychoanalytic Concepts of Sex	Dreams: Their Significance
The Sexual Zones	Hermaphroditism	Pre-marital Knowledge and Experience	Sex Life of Unmarried Adults
The Sexual Impulse in Youth	Sexual Abstinence	Modesty; Nudism	Sexual Fetishes and Symbols
Masturbation	Sex Intercourse and Health	Childbirth: Sex Life during Pregnancy; Immediately After	Sexual Adjustments
Frigidity	The Choice of a Mate	Sexual Feeling in Women	Sex Happiness
Impotence	Preparation for Marriage	Sex Practice in Marriage	Age and the Sexual Impulse
First Intercourse	Fertility and Sterility	Methods and Technique of Coitus	The Sexual Impulse and Love
Secondary Sexual Characters	Divorce	Sexual Pleasure and Conception	Love Rights of Women; of Men
The "Under-sexed"; the "Over-sexed"	Monogamy; Polygamy	Positions in Coitus	Esthetics of Coitus
Exhibitionism	The Nature of Birth Control	Sex Life and Nervous Disorders	Expression and Repression
The Sexual Criminal	The Question of Abortion	Sexual Difficulties	Substitutes for Sex
Analysis of Courtship	Frequency of Coitus	Freud's "Unconscious"; "Libido"	Glossary of Sexual Terms
Sadism and Masochism	The Sexual Athlete: Satyriasis; Nymphomania	The Art of Love	Index
Woman's Change of Life	Jealousy		
The Dangerous Age in Men	Married Love		
Homosexuality			

AUTHORIZED

FREE OFFER

UNABRIDGED

Mail to Your Bookseller or to

Emerson Books Inc., Dept. 472-U, 333 Sixth Ave., New York

I am sending you this portion of advertisement with my name and address in margin, to take advantage of your offer of Free Inspection for 5 days of **PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX** by Havelock Ellis. I will deposit with postman \$3.00 plus few cents postage when book arrives. I am to have the privilege of returning book within five days, for full refund of purchase price. (If you wish to save postage, send only \$3.00. Same money-back guarantee.)

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

The latest of many "personal problem" articles in **THE FORUM**, entitled "Monogamy Is an Art," has brought to the Editor's desk many letters which indicate that the anonymous author struck home in telling fashion. These readers had no mere casual interest in the article — it had touched on a vital part of their lives, and they wanted to tell about it!

If you have a personal problem that you have solved or that you are trying to solve — a problem that you think others may have too — write your story and send it to **THE FORUM**. Write it straightforwardly — whether it is a marriage problem, a religious dilemma, "in-law" trouble, difficulty with your children, or a social impasse — and, if we think that other readers will find it helpful or enlightening, it will be published at our regular rates. Address communications to the Editorial Department; **THE FORUM** Magazine; 570 Lexington Avenue; New York City.

PRIZE COMPETITION

For the best essays in book form dealing with the question

CAN AN OBJECTIVE MORAL STANDARD BE SET UP IN THE PRESENT AGE?

If so, on what based?

1st prize Kr. 2,000 (about \$5,360)

2nd prize Kr. 1,000 (about \$2,680)

3rd prize Kr. 500 (about \$1,340)

Offered by the publishing firm *Natur och Kultur*, in Stockholm, Sweden, *Johan Grundt Tanum*, in Oslo, and *Söderström & Co.*, in Helsingfors

The book should not exceed ten 16-page sheets of the usual octavo size. It should be written as lucidly and as intelligibly as the nature of the subject allows. In addition the usual royalties will be paid. Remuneration for translation rights will be according to agreement.

Should the judges find that no manuscript received fulfils the standards fixed for the competition, no prize will be awarded.

The publishing firms also reserve the right to buy and publish manuscripts submitted which have not received a prize.

The manuscripts, which may be submitted in Swedish, Danish, English, German or French, should, if possible, be typewritten. Each must bear a pseudonym and be accompanied by an envelope bearing the same pseudonym and containing the name and address of the author.

The latest date for receiving manuscripts is January 1st 1937, and the judging committee hopes to have completed its work at the latest on April 1st of the same year.

Winning manuscripts will be published in the autumn of 1937. Competition essays should be marked "Moralpristävlan" and addressed to one of the above publishing firms.



HOW YOU PROFIT FROM THIS DISCOVERY

For tens of thousands of miles, in millions of automobiles, the metal pipes that carry gas and oil withstand the vibration of high speeds and the jolts of rough roads. They are stronger, they last longer, because of electric-furnace brazing. Sealed in millions of electric refrigerators, vital parts made by this process keep the mechanism operating quietly, efficiently, year after year. The greater strength that comes from brazing means more dependable service for you, and fewer repair bills.

All-metal tubes in your new radio, sewing machines that make your clothing, calculating machines that serve in your bank and office—to all these, electric-furnace brazing has brought simpler, stronger, less costly construction.

Electric-furnace brazing—a process that causes copper to penetrate deep into pieces of harder metal, joining them into a solid whole—was developed in the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, N. Y. And when G-E research gave industry this improved manufacturing method, it was saving industry—and you—millions of dollars in the cost and maintenance of manufactured products.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

F O R U M

and Century

JULY, 1936



VOL. XCVI, NO. 1

Let Us All Take A Walk!

Editorial Foreword

19493
2

LET US NOT become too tense about the political situation. Let us stop complaining about unemployment and relief and cursing the New Deal, labor, the Manufacturers' Association, and the Chamber of Commerce. Come with me for a day on foot over the hills in the spring woods away from gasoline and radio. My friend and I tried it the other day and found ourselves in the afternoon "healthy, free, the world before us," sitting on a rock under a pine and threshing out the problems of unemployment in terms not of politics or theory but of simple human character against the background of nature.

A few years ago we Americans thought that we had outlived one of the human verities: "The poor we have always with us." At that very time, when mendicants on city streets were a memory of the past, when industry was clamoring for more labor and immigrants were crowding Ellis Island, in those years of full dinner pails, technology was already yearly setting adrift thousands of workmen, trained perhaps in only one form of craftsmanship, who were groping about in bewilderment trying to adapt themselves to some new kind of job in which laborsaving devices had not yet made such advances as in the craft that had thrown them out. Many economists were aware of what

was going on and wrote their warnings, but no practical measures were taken to grapple with the new danger — starvation produced not by sloth but by efficiency. And the peril is still with us.

Many competent statisticians claim that business today is again normal. Yet unemployment has not caught up. Billions in taxpayers' money are being sent in to the federal government to be distributed to provide the destitute with food, clothing, shelter, or temporary jobs. This situation is undermining the morale and initiative of thousands of citizens. It is preventing them from learning the crafts that produce the experts now needed to tend our more complicated machines, so that many industries actually complain of a dearth of skilled labor. The New Deal is doing a splendid job in the emergency. Probably no other government in history has done so well for its destitute citizens. But we must not indefinitely permit the penalizing of the more resourceful citizens to succor the less resourceful.

PASSING THE BUCK

WE READ in the press every day many complaints against those who have *not* solved the problem of unemployment. Now the Hoover administration is censured, now the New

I

THE FORUM

Deal. Next day business is condemned for not distributing the jobs. Again the unemployed are belabored for their lack of pioneer spirit. To date, however, no concrete program has been accepted except by revolutionists. Communists, socialists, fascists insist that America can be saved only by making the state the single employer and the rest of us employees. Their programs we will not discuss at this time, for we are dealing not with a totalitarian state but an America in which democracy, we believe, is still in its infancy.

Those who criticize industry are told by some manufacturers that employment is now almost normal. The unemployed, they say, belong to other groups, to agriculture, to the professions. They assert that social welfare and profits won't mix. They further maintain that there is no such thing as permanent technological unemployment, that with patience new industries always take up those thrown out of work by laborsaving devices. Other economists hint at yet another panacea, through the professions and services. This is perhaps a rather long-range view and will not help us much in 1937.

One thing, clearly, we need, and that is better figures. If we had figures about unemployment that could not be challenged there would be less confusion of counsel. About the only thing we are sure of in America is the national census, and that comes once in ten years.

RETURN TO THE TOWN MEETING

THE NEW DEAL has made a fine beginning in experimenting with blueprints for a better order. In time, the aged will be pensioned, and civilian training for youth extended. The States will have exact statistics and maintain co-ordinated replacement bureaus. Industry will set up unemployment reserves, and in Washington a nonpolitical engineering staff will be ready to put the slack to work in the next national depression.

Meanwhile the solution of present unemployment probably will come about in a typical American and democratic way. A people loving its homes and its own localities and fearing the growth of taxes and bureaucracy will awaken to a new sense of local responsibility. The problem begins in the home. Given some health and some intelligence, most families

can carry on. There are probably several hundred thousand American wives who have the gumption and resourcefulness of the plucky woman from Arkansas whose letter to Mrs. Roosevelt is printed in this issue of *THE FORUM*. She has not had many lucky breaks but she has carried on.

Character is, after all, the basic factor, and each citizen must do what he can for himself and, with what excess vitality may be in him, for his neighbors. Many difficulties, however new and complicated, will adjust themselves when faced with the character of that Arkansas woman.

The village, the county, the town, the city ward each must again become responsible for the well-being of its permanent residents. Each small employer must do his best to reorganize on shorter hours, more jobs, or smaller profits — and correspondingly smaller taxes.

The application of neighborliness is more difficult for industries that are not local but national. One steel company passes the buck to another and feels powerless to act independently. That calls for generous leadership that will persuade the Steel Institute or some other association to effect joint action on the part of all great producers in that industry. The duty of responsibility is the same for the wife of a dirt farmer and the president of a vast oil company.

Contrary to the general idea, the greatest religious organization in the world, the Roman Catholic Church, coheres not so much by authority from above as by good will from below. The Pope cannot know in detail the consecrated work of his far-flung missionaries on the borders of Tibet. They come to Rome to report with enthusiasm, and all he can do is to bless their work. This great church flourishes not in the dominance of the Holy See but in the spontaneous enthusiasm of its millions of units.

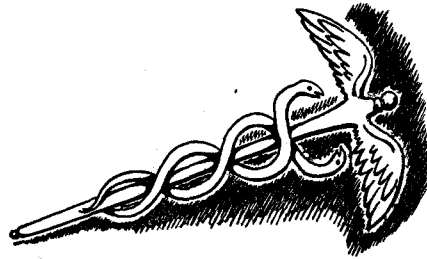
So it is with democracy. The greater the problems of the machine age, the greater the need of character and responsibility to translate the fruits of technology into personal human welfare.

Let us all take a walk and find out how to revive the town meeting.

Henry Goddard Leach

Medicine's Horse and Buggy

The American Medical Association Fights Health Insurance



by JAMES RORTY

WHO'S STOPPING health insurance? The simple, true, and relatively unrevealing answer to the question would be: The American Medical Association. But it is only by posing and obtaining approximate answers to a dozen other collateral questions that the layman can begin to understand what the tumult and shouting, which has characterized the discussion and agitation with respect to the organization and distribution of the health services for over a generation, is all about. Among these questions are the following:

1. Who and what is the American Medical Association?
2. Does the A.M.A.'s opposition to compulsory health insurance and other measures tending toward the socialization of medical care truly represent the conviction and interest of the majority of practicing doctors in this country?
3. What accounts for the lag of the United States behind practically every other civilized country with respect to the socializing of the health services?
4. What substitutes has the organized medical profession offered for compulsory health insurance and the extension of public medicine, and would these substitutes solve the problem of providing adequate medical care for all the people?
5. What validity attaches to the reiterated claim of organized medicine to exercise exclusive responsibility, initiative, and control with respect to any changes which are to be made in the present organization and distribution of the health services?

I have deliberately excluded from this list of questions those having to do with the factual description of the existing situation. Thanks to the monumental study of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, completed in 1932, published in 23 large volumes, and supplemented since then by a dozen other studies, we know the facts with respect to the cost, the

organization, and the distribution of medical care in this country in great detail. We have a far better factual grasp of the situation than England had in 1911 when Lloyd George put through a system of partial health insurance which the British Medical Association at first opposed and now seeks to fortify and extend. Moreover, we have a larger and better trained medical personnel in proportion to our population, a more nearly adequate apparatus of hospitals, laboratories, nursing services, etc., and, in our prosperous years at least, we spend more per capita for medical care than any other country. We have, finally, as the theoretical basis of our social philosophy, the right to life of American citizens, and the obligation of the state to defend and maintain this right, including the right to medical care of those who need it. This right, incidentally, is not questioned by the average American physician, whose individual performance during the depression, entailing often great personal sacrifice and hardship, is on the whole beyond praise.

Now let us set against these impressive pluses a brief summary of the staggering minuses revealed by the Costs of Medical Care study and other subsequent studies. In the year 1930 we spent \$30 per capita for medical care. This amount, totaling \$3,600,000,000, would seem sufficient to finance a high standard of service. In fact, according to the late Edgar Sydenstricker, formerly statistician for the United States Public Health Service, a member of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care and, until his death last March, Scientific Director of the Milbank Memorial Fund, \$30 per capita is "enough money to purchase rea-

THE FORUM

sonably adequate medical care at current averages prices." Yet what did we get for this huge expenditure? Again quoting the same authority:

In a year's time, even in a prosperous era, millions of families cannot afford to obtain any medical care; hundreds of thousands of cases of illness needing medical attention are unattended; less than 7 per cent of the population have even a partial physical examination, and less than 5 per cent are immunized against some disease. . . . Although we are accustomed to boast of our achievements in medicine and public health as manifested in a lowered mortality among infants, children, and younger adults, the death rate among adults of middle and old age has not appreciably diminished in the past 50 years. . . . Even the mortality among mothers and infants in a large class of the population of the United States is still far above that in some other countries.

THE ECONOMICS OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH

WHERE DOES the money go then? To the doctors? But in 1929 one third of American physicians had net incomes of less than \$3,000, and one half, less than \$3,800. And during the depression these expensively trained, traditionally idealistic, and socially invaluable doctors were "plowed under" by the thousands. To put it in bald but essentially accurate terms, when the individual member of our scarcity economy was at the point of life and death, we chose, as a people, to starve the doctor and indirectly kill the patient.

Both halves of this statement are fully backed by authoritative statistical studies. At the peak of the depression thousands of doctors were suffering acute economic distress, and scores of hospitals were closing their doors. And, as for the patients, increasing mortality rates, especially from tuberculosis and among infants, and increased malnutrition among school children are today appearing in many areas and groups of the population.

While Harry Hopkins declaims that "hunger is not debatable," the Division of Handicapped Children of the New York Department of Education reports that 1 out of every 5 of New York's school children is so weak from malnutrition that he cannot profit by attendance in regular classes. Insurance actuaries, at least, are accustomed to figure this child life as worth something. One of them, quoted by Paul De Kruif in *Why Keep Them Alive?*, estimated the annual capital loss to America in the *preventable* deaths of children to be about \$750,000,000.

Finally, the studies of Sydenstricker, Dr. I. S. Falk, and others have proved conclusively that the incidence of illness falls most heavily on the poor and on that section which has been most severely "liquidated" during the depression.

These facts are not arguable and would scarcely be argued if the current controversy about the distribution of medical care were conducted in terms of facts and logic. It is not so conducted, at least by leading officials of the American Medical Association and its State and county units.

In his article entitled "Medicine and Men," contributed to the 1935-36 *Debate Handbook* on socialized medicine, we find Dr. Frederick E. Sondern writing coolly:

Under the prevailing system of practice it can be said that there is little lack of medical care if the person needing it or his family will seek it.

Similar examples could be multiplied indefinitely. It is obvious that we have here a typical, if extreme, example of the emotional behavior of organized groups faced with inevitable changes in their relation to the total social order. The present instance is particularly tragic in that the obstructive role of the American Medical Association, in the opinion of this writer, does not even represent an intelligent expression of the selfish interests of the majority of its members, let alone the public interest.

THE VESTED INTEREST

WHO AND WHAT is the American Medical Association?

The A.M.A. includes in its membership about two thirds of the licensed medical practitioners of America. Its structure is pyramidal, being based on the county medical societies, which elect delegates to the State medical societies, the structure being crowned by the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association with its publications, its bureaus and bureaucrats located in Chicago.

Space is lacking to describe the methods of election, the restrictions of discussion, and the powers of discipline provided for in the constitution and bylaws of the A.M.A. and its constituent units. It may be said, however, without much fear of contradiction, that both in its relation to the rank-and-file physician and in its relation to the public at large "organized" medicine tends to be controlled by medical politicians who in turn tend to exploit

MEDICINE'S HORSE AND BUGGY

the economic prejudices and ignorances and the more or less chronic economic distress of the average doctor. One must make, however, this important qualification: a few of the physicians who have most conspicuously ignored and distorted facts and logic in resisting change in the organization of medical care are genuinely distinguished, ethical, and devoted practitioners of the art and science of healing.

THE GREAT MOUTHPIECE

UNQUESTIONABLY, our leading medical politician is Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and of *Hygeia*, the A.M.A.'s organ for the laity. Dr. Fishbein is an artist on the score of numerous articles and speeches in which he has denounced the trend toward the socialization of medicine and castigated the "sociological meddlers" who have tried to direct and accelerate this trend. Judged coolly by the criteria of the concealment and falsification of facts, the habitual use of logical *non sequiturs*, the resort to irrelevant emotional appeals, and the vilification of his opponents, Dr. Fishbein is comparable in energy and ability only to the late Huey P. Long.

When the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, after 4 years of study and the expenditure of nearly \$1,000,000, rendered its divided report in the autumn of 1932, Dr. Fishbein wrote an editorial in the A.M.A. *Journal*, copies of which were on the desks of city editors all over America on the day the C.M.C. report was released. I here quote portions of this editorial as an example of the good Doctor's expertness in his special field.

So definite was the trend of the Committee's studies in this direction [insurance schemes and governmental practice] that one must view the expenditure of almost \$1,000,000 with mingled amusement and regret. A colored boy spent a dollar taking twenty rides on the merry-go-round. When he got off, his old mammy said: "Boy, you spent yo' money but where you been?"

The *Journal* has pointed out repeatedly that such practices will mean the destruction of private practice; that they represent the exploitation of physicians for the gain of business; that they put medical schools into unfair competition with their own graduates; and that they are in a word, "unethical."

The alignment is clear — on the one side the forces representing the great foundations, public-

health officialdom, social theory — even socialism and communism inciting to revolution; on the other side the organized medical profession of this country urging an orderly evolution.

On the one side are aligned the forces that would practice one kind of medicine for the rich, another for the wage earner and the indigent; on the other side are the physicians who know that, from the point of view of the physician who studies bodies and minds, all are human beings. . . .

Not satisfied with this blast, Dr. Fishbein returned to the attack in the following issue of the *Journal*, that of December 10, 1932. In the following sentences we see him jerking, alternately, the tears and fears of his constituents:

The physicians of this country are the only group with the knowledge, training, and experience necessary to practice medicine. Intent on their daily and nightly task of preventing disease, healing the sick, and ministering to the afflicted, they have given scant attention and but little of their time to a consideration of the way in which their work was being invaded by the octopus of big business. . . . This is the question of Americanism versus Sovietism for the American people.

It is all there: the humorous anecdote with its implied slander of the Committee's researches, the waving of the "ethical" shibboleth, the eclectic and coincident evocation of the communist and big-business bugaboos, the tangential argument embodying definite misstatements, and finally the thoroughly vulgar, false, and unscrupulous application of the Red label to conservative foundations and conservative doctors, including, incidentally, that friend and admirer of Herbert E. Hoover, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Chairman of the Committee, who signed the mild majority report which Dr. Fishbein is denouncing.

On the platform and before the microphone — and he is one place or the other a considerable portion of his time — Dr. Fishbein is even more engaging than in print. He has a machine-gun delivery like that of Floyd Gibbons, a kind of magpie erudition at his command, as well as a vast fund of lowbrow anecdotes. In February of 1934, Dr. Fishbein made the mistake of trotting out this line before a joint meeting of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia and the American Academy of Political and Social Science. He was followed on the platform by William Trufant Foster, and an audience of distinguished surgeons and economists beamed and applauded as Mr. Foster

THE FORUM

proceeded to give the eminent doctor-editor a thorough if gentlemanly trouncing. Characterizing the opposition to the Costs of Medical Care report as that of a recalcitrant minority of the profession, "similar to the obstructive minorities which Mr. Roosevelt has deplored in certain industries," Mr. Foster went on to assert:

I believe that the conflict is not between doctors and patients: the conflict is between reactionary doctors and progressive doctors. It is merely one phase of the war now being waged in every profession between those who imagine that we can still live in an economic age that is gone and those who realize that we are living in a new economic age.

THE PROFESSION DIVIDES

THE FACTS show that Mr. Foster was telling the truth. Six months after the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care published its report — which according to officials of the A.M.A. was already "languishing in innocuous desuetude" — the California Medical Society issued a pamphlet which not only endorsed the general principle of insurance in its applications to sickness but proposed a plan whereby the county medical societies of the State were to offer medical care to the people of their localities in return for a stated annual payment. Simultaneously, in Seattle, Tacoma, Yakima, and Portland, the county medical societies organized "service bureaus" to furnish services under annual-payment agreements.

In Michigan, the State medical society, finding itself balked by the A.M.A. officialdom when it tried to obtain information regarding the British experience with health insurance, made common cause with the American College of Dentists and sent an investigating committee to England. As a result of this investigation, conducted by Dr. H. A. Luce and Dr. Nathan Sinai, the Michigan society adopted in April of 1934 the mutual health-service plan recommended by its Committee on Medical Economics and approved by its house of delegates.

A significant by-product of this revolt was the sharp criticism which the Luce-Sinai report directs at the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and its editor for employing as the *Journal's* British correspondent a nonpracticing physician who had not been a member of the British Medical Society for 33 years. This correspondent had used his column

chiefly to criticize the British system adversely, and the Luce-Sinai report says:

Your Commission believes that these comments convey an erroneous impression to their readers and that they do not present the opinions or views of the English profession.

This shot was particularly telling, because the position taken by the A.M.A. is that a doctor who is not a member is pretty well outside the pale and that his views are without status.

The report also quotes the ringing repudiation by Sir Henry Brackenbury, an eminent member of the British Medical Association, of the summary of his publicly expressed views, printed in the November 1933 *Bulletin of the American Medical Association*. Sir Henry declared that the *Bulletin* had deliberately misrepresented him and concluded with British forthrightness, "This is an unworthy trick."

Although Dr. Fishbein was not personally responsible for this "trick," he did not repudiate it, while month after month in the columns of the *Journal* he directed a running fire of editorial sabotage against the attempts of the county medical societies to put into effect even the conservative minority recommendations of the Costs of Medical Care Committee, which Fishbein had himself applauded. It was evident that the A.M.A. hierarchy intended to fight change per se, even the changes urged by the A.M.A. members of the Committee.

Despite this obstruction, the liberal doctors and especially the hospitals have gone ahead, and the public has supported them. On May 7, of this year, the Associated Hospital Service of New York announced that its 3-cents-a-day plan for hospital care had enrolled 85,492 members during its first year of operation. This is a world record. The somewhat similar London Hospital Saving Association enrolled 62,500 in its first year, although it now has nearly 1,600,000 subscribers.

THE SOURCE OF POWER

CONTEMPLATING these figures, the puzzled layman may well ask, "Who and what is this medical Canute that he dare defy so powerful a tide of public demand?" The answer is that, although there are plenty of others, there is one obstructionist whose name leads all the rest.

MEDICINE'S HORSE AND BUGGY

On November 19, 1933, the Chicago Medical Society demanded of the A.M.A. Council that Dr. Fishbein be censured for an article by him in the *American Mercury* in which he compared the methods of the horse-and-buggy obstetrician favorably to those employed in modern hospitalized delivery. In February of this year the Council of the California Medical Society passed a resolution questioning Dr. Fishbein's highly profitable extracurricular activities as the author of syndicated articles on medical care. The resolution pointed out that Dr. Fishbein signed his column as "Editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*," which gave the impression, contrary to the fact, that Dr. Fishbein was a spokesman for the A.M.A. and that his articles were endorsed by the A.M.A.; further, that the articles had been adversely criticized by lay and professional men because of their contents, style, and errors. The resolution concluded by asking that the trustees of the A.M.A. prevent Fishbein from signing his articles as Editor of the *Journal*, that he be prevented from using his position for personal profit, and that he be required to devote all his time to the editorial duties of his office.

The New Jersey Medical Society has for some years been a hotbed of opposition to Fishbein. Recently this State society went so far as to make an ineffective demand that the *Journal* discontinue taking advertising. This, of course, was a straight thrust at the heart of Dr. Fishbein's power. Under his editorship the *Journal* has reached a circulation of nearly 90,000 and has become an extremely profitable and powerful business property. The 1935 report lists the 1935 gross income of the *Journal* at \$1,493,472 and the 1935 net income of the *Journal* at \$604,672. A page in the *Journal* costs medical and food advertisers \$340 and other advertisers \$365. A page in *Hygeia*, which has a circulation of 80,000, costs \$400. Medical products must be approved by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, and food products must be approved by the Committee on Foods before they can be advertised in the *Journal* and *Hygeia*. This approval permits the advertiser to use, there and elsewhere in his advertising, the seal of acceptance of the A.M.A.

The formula is not new, and it is a business formula. The seal of approval of Mr. Hearst's

Good Housekeeping Institute carries less authority but serves the same purpose — that of increasing the value of space in the publication. Clearly the A.M.A. is not merely a professional organization. It is also a medical-advertising business, with Dr. Fishbein as its efficient, practical, and dynamic chief executive.

This fact is ironically pertinent when coupled with Dr. Fishbein's denunciations of "big business." Dr. Fishbein's own A.M.A. business — not to mention his profitable sidelines of writing and lecturing — is big enough in all conscience. Moreover, since many if not most of the manufacturers of the "ethical proprietaries" advertised in the *Journal* are also manufacturers of patent medicines sold directly to the laity and occasionally confiscated by the Food and Drug Administration, Dr. Fishbein's business is directly allied with and dependent upon the big and notoriously iniquitous patent-medicine business which Dr. Fishbein so indefatigably and doubtless sincerely and usefully denounces in books and articles.

It is not intended here to question the integrity or competence of the A.M.A.'s Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry or of its Committee on Foods, although much criticism has been leveled at both committees. The point is that when the eminent editor howls about big business he is merely putting on an act for the groundlings and probably knows it.

THE MILBANK MESS

COMPULSORY health insurance was plainly foreshadowed by the President's Committee on Economic Security, which went further than the Costs of Medical Care Committee in affirming the necessity of a *compulsory* system. The report says:

In the United States we have had a long experience with sickness insurance both on a nonprofit and commercial basis. Both forms have been inadequate in respect to the protection they furnish, and the latter — commercial insurance — has in addition been too expensive for people of small means. Voluntary insurance holds no promise of being much more effective in the near future than in the past.

The last sentence quoted unquestionably represents the view of most students of the problem and answers the question already posed as to the adequacy of the substitutes for

THE FORUM

compulsory insurance offered by organized medicine. As we have already seen, even these substitutes, although officially approved by the A.M.A., have been covertly opposed and checked in their local application and development by the A.M.A. hierarchy.

The President's Committee, which received thousands of telegrams from doctors denouncing health insurance, did not report out a compulsory health-insurance plan, on the ground that its medical advisory committees required more time for study. In the end, health insurance was left out of the social-security act, and the American Medical Association has repeatedly claimed credit for this dubious triumph. The conspiracy of the great foundations and the public-health officialdom with the octopus of big business to sovietize America has been foiled. And the myth that John Krisko, the \$15-a-week mill operative, can get all the medical care he wants if only he has sense enough to ask for it, is still blandly propounded to stolidly skeptical lay audiences.

As a matter of fact, the A.M.A. hierarchy fought and temporarily won its battle, not in Washington but in the Bronx, in Brooklyn, in Detroit, in Indianapolis, and in a dozen other places where the followers of Führer Fishbein organized to frustrate and punish the great foundations already mentioned — especially the Milbank Memorial Fund. The story is not complete without some mention of what happened to the Milbank Fund, to its president, Mr. Albert G. Milbank, and to its former secretary, John A. Kingsbury. Briefly what happened was that Mr. Milbank changed his mind and that Mr. Kingsbury was fired. Back of this lies a sorry tale which I have told in detail elsewhere. The facts are all a matter of public record, and the following brief summary, incredible though it may sound, can easily be verified by any interested person.

The Milbank Memorial Fund, with a capital of \$10,000,000, derives about 45 per cent of its income from its holdings of stock in the Borden Company, manufacturers and distributors of milk and milk products. Its president, Mr. Albert G. Milbank, is also Chairman of the Board of the Borden Company and head of the huge law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hope, & Webb, counsel for the Chase National Bank, the Rockefeller interests, the Borden Com-

pany, and the Title Guarantee & Trust Company. Obviously Mr. Milbank is an important figure in big business. But during the 20 years when the Milbank Memorial Fund was financing distinguished and valuable studies and demonstrations in the field of socializing medical care, Mr. Milbank was regarded as one of the white hopes of his class; in short as a forthright and courageous liberal. The Fund contributed as much to the Costs of Medical Care study as any other of the participating foundations, which, incidentally, included the conservative Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations. Its then secretary, John A. Kingsbury, played an influential role in promoting the study of the two outstanding technicians, Edgar Sydenstricker and Dr. I. S. Falk, to whom must be given much of the credit for making the researches of the Committee as valuable as they undoubtedly were. Sydenstricker was employed by the Fund at about the time the study was launched, and Falk came to the Fund shortly after its completion. In the spring of 1933 Mr. Milbank, in addressing the Board of Counsel of the Fund, said:

Sickness insurance — or, more precisely, insurance against the costs of medical care — is needed. This, as you know, is recommended by the Costs of Medical Care Committee as a voluntary and local measure. But in my opinion such insurance will not produce the results contemplated unless the scheme is compulsory and at least Statewide in its scope.

Two years later, in a speech studded with vague reactionary phrases, Mr. Milbank declared that the directors of the Fund had never advocated health insurance or any other legislative measure affecting the health services. This was perhaps technically true, but it was clear that Mr. Milbank's speech signaled a retreat. This was confirmed a few days later when Mr. Kingsbury, who, with Sydenstricker, Falk, Michael M. Davis of the Rosenwald Fund, and Evans Clark of the Twentieth Century Fund, had publicly advocated health insurance for many years, was asked to resign "because of differences as to policy."

What had happened? Briefly, the rugged medical individualists, members of county medical societies in a dozen cities, had organized a boycott of the products of the Borden Company. This pressure was soon reflected upon the Milbank Fund, especially when the director of medical relations of the Borden Company made common cause with the boy-

MEDICINE'S HORSE AND BUGGY

cotting doctors, gave them frequent reports as to the success of the pressure they were bringing upon the Milbank Fund, and, in advance of the event, delivered personal assurances that Mr. Kingsbury was to be fired.

Mr. Milbank declares that the medical boycott was not a determining factor in bringing about the dismissal of Dr. Kingsbury. Possibly this is a diplomatic denial. In any case it is clear that the Milbank Fund has retreated to the safe, if trodden, fields of fact finding. This spring the distinguished guests at the Milbank Fund's annual meeting, who could remember the wisdom and eloquence of Dr. William H. Welch and others on similar occasions, were treated to an address by Thomas I. Parkinson, President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. The speech was not conspicuous for its clarity, with, however, a few clear rays of reaction shining through the murk. The occasion was only partly redeemed by the courage of Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, of Yale, in paying tribute to the departed secretary.

FISHBEIN'S FUTILE FIGHT

So THAT Dr. Fishbein is perhaps entitled to cry, "One down!" in his battle against the great foundations. As for the octopus of big business, that is something else again. Nothing has been heard of the medical boycott since Mr. Kingsbury was fired. And in the April 11, 1936, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* there appeared an advertisement of the Borden Company's irradiated evaporated milk, in which the unctuous copy writer declaimed:

Everybody knows more about the doctor's business than the doctor himself! . . . or at least it often seems that way. With all the trespassers there are swarming over the doctor's territory — the Borden Company would rather stick to its own fences. So we never advertise Borden's irradiated evaporated milk to mothers for use in infant feeding. Nor do we give feeding formulas on the can." . . .

Does all this mean that we won't have compulsory health insurance and, what is perhaps even more important and necessary, a functional co-ordination of public and private health services? Not at all. Some form of compulsory health insurance is clearly inevitable. Dr. Fishbein's cause, as he must know, is a lost cause.

Today, with Thomas Parran, Jr., as Surgeon General and Josephine Roche as the Treasury

Department's Secretary for Health, we may confidently expect continued pressure both from within and without the government toward the reorganization of the health services. And, when the pressure gets strong enough, doubtless Dr. Fishbein will discover what distinguished and enlightened physicians like Hugh Cabot of the Mayo Clinic have had the intelligence to point out publicly many times: namely, that laymen aren't really trespassing on the sacred preserves of the medical priesthood when they demand a voice in determining how medical care shall be organized and paid for. It will be a great spiritual revelation to the good Doctor, and sooner or later I predict that it will come to him. I can't imagine King Fishbein being found on the loser's end of anything.

Despite Dr. Fishbein's chronic demagoguery, the younger physicians, especially, are beginning to realize that the attack of social workers, sociologists, and economists upon the problem of distributing medical care is not an attack upon the doctors; that on the contrary the solutions tentatively offered invariably take as their starting point the full recognition of the doctor's responsibility for maintaining and advancing the scientific and ethical integrity of medical practice; also that these proposals are designed to relieve the doctor's economic distress rather than to aggravate it. They realize too that the denial of need cannot be sustained. Doctors see people who *are* getting medical care because they themselves are wholly occupied in giving that care. Social workers see people — hundreds of thousands of them — who are *not* getting medical care, and their carefully documented testimony must be accepted.

Finally, the younger men suspect with some reason that the A.M.A. was bragging when it claimed to have stopped health insurance. There were several other reasons, not all of them connected with pressure politics, why health insurance didn't get into the social-security act. Roosevelt, whose political ear is excellent, was willing to buck the Chamber of Commerce on the issue of unemployment insurance. Is there any reason to suppose that, if elected for a second term, as he probably will be, he will hesitate to buck the A.M.A. hierarchy? There is not. It would seem that the sooner Dr. Fishbein and his cohorts see the light the better for them, as well as the public health.

America's Peerage

Our Universities Make a Joke of Honorary Degrees

by **DATUS C. SMITH, JR.**

HONORARY degrees," said A. Lawrence Lowell, "add to the sum total of human happiness." Dr. Lowell ought to know, for not only has he inducted scores of others into the rights and privileges of a Harvard honorary degree but he is himself the adopted son of practically every university worth mentioning, from Tufts to Strasbourg. He is one of the most honored citizens of these United States, and if *he* still thinks it is fun there must be something in it.

There is something in it, and happiness is not the only ingredient. The honorary degree undoubtedly brings smiles of pleasure to the recipient — and sometimes irreverent laughter to the observer thereof — but it also fulfills other offices. It puts the college's name in the papers, it assures speakers for the commencement exercises, it serves as thanks (or as solicitation) for gifts, and, by no means least, it enables the college, while maintaining the form of academic neutrality, to express a political opinion.

To some this may seem trivial, but nothing is trivial which puts education into politics and which holds up to ridicule the standards and aspirations of scholarship. The space devoted to honorary degrees by the newspapers each June is proof enough that we are dealing with something more than mere harmless pageantry. And the general consistency of policy, from the greatest university to the smallest college, shows that erratic individuals are not to blame for the ludicrous connotation which the words *honoris causa* too frequently assume.

Venality in a crude pecuniary sense is less prevalent than the number of anecdotes about it would suggest. The strange coincidences

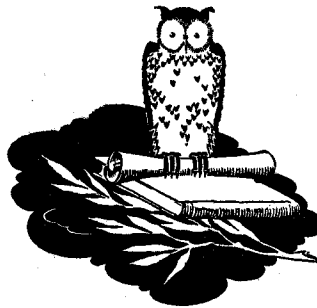
(e.g., \$5,000,000 gift to a university more or less simultaneously with receipt of an LL.D. by the donor) are rare when compared with the whole number of honorary degrees. But, if the degree is not often up for "sale," it may still be used for purposes quite different from the ostensible one.

Politics is the chief consideration when the colleges each year select the new members of America's Peerage. Not merely politics in the field of public affairs, although there is plenty of that too, but "politics" in art, literature, scholarship, even religion. That is, the individuals are not chosen on the basis of talent

and achievement alone. If you doubt it, just examine critically the names of the honored ones this year.

Something alien to dispassionate scholarship is needed to explain the incredible assortment of individuals who have initials after their names — and this is said with no disrespect for the distinguished and useful citizens, such as President Lowell, who find themselves in that class. Nicholas Murray Butler probably has more degrees than any other living American; in *Who's Who* he lists 5 domestic degrees and 15 foreign, then trails off with "and many others." Dr. Lowell lists 29, 2 up on Herbert Hoover and John H. Finley. Some of the others with many degrees: Owen D. Young, 21; Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes, 20; James R. Angell, 18; Andrew W. Mellon, 13; William Lyon Phelps, 10.

Talent and achievement are generously, if not uniformly, distributed in the above list, and there are hundreds of other deserving persons who are honorary doctors. But, this June, like other Junes, commencement platforms supported droves and droves of stuffed shirts,



AMERICA'S PEERAGE

while thousands of men and women of brilliant parts were totally ignored. On the other hand, men who have served society loyally and energetically for years without recognition have suddenly, for some petty and irrelevant reason, been hailed by half a dozen colleges at once. And many who have heard themselves described in unrecognizable superlatives have been those who, judged by the standards which a university would apply in any other case, were dismally second-rate. One may gaze at the array of personages on a commencement platform and realize that in most cases there is no apparent reason why they, rather than 10,000 fellow citizens, have been selected.

No reason? Well, one thing may be noted almost without exception they will be conservatives — safe and sane lawgivers but no Sons of the Wild Jackass; recent discoverers of Adam Smith but no readers of Karl Marx; affluent ecclesiastics but no front-line doers of the word; archeological painters and architects but no modernists; members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association but no members of the American Newspaper Guild; countless leaders of organized capital but no leaders of organized labor.

With a policy like this, mediocrity is sure to be well represented on the honorary-degree slate. This is not, as the gentlemen on the left would doubtless have us believe, because the radicals have all the brains in the country but because the field is artificially restricted and “soundness,” rather than ability or achievement, becomes the criterion.

THE CANDIDATE IS FUNDAMENTALLY SOUND

RESPONSIBILITY for allowing honorary-degree standards to become different from the standards for everything else about a university must be accepted in large measure by the trustees. The faculty is consulted in some colleges, but the trustees have the controlling voice.

Now of course the trustees do not set out to prostitute the college degree. Sometimes they have acted cynically, consciously noting the candidate's Bradstreet rating or his political symbolism, but this is exceptional. A trustee would be incredulous if told that the candidates for whom he was voting were not the most deserving. In as much as the trustees are businessmen, however, it is natural that the

ideals of the market place and not of the library should be evident on commencement day. What more natural than that trustees should regard as especially worthy the accomplishments of businessmen, works of art which are appreciated by businessmen, and public servants who are “sound” from the business point of view?

There is nothing remarkable in this, and no fascist plot is necessary to explain it. If Brookwood Labor College should ever become so bourgeois as to grant LL.D.'s, the recipients would assuredly be men who are regarded by the business world as crackpots, brigands, and racketeers.

But, however natural the policy may be, it is a travesty on the things for which a university is supposed to stand. Calm and reasoned principles of scholarship fly out the window on commencement day as the capped and gowned candidates march down the center aisle. The temporary abdication of scholarly judgment may not spoil the pleasure of the men who get the degrees; perhaps it is no consolation to those who are left out; but it is of the first importance to the university itself. It is important because, by the selection and especially by the wording of the “presentation,” the institution not only puts its ok on the candidate's career, past and future, but makes a definite statement regarding the things for which he stands.

This commitment may prove of some subsequent embarrassment when the adopted son falls into the toils of the attorney general's office for income-tax evasion or receives other publicity which, however legal and however fashionable in contemporary social circles, has not always been associated with university ideals. Four universities were privileged to list *Insull, Samuel; Athens, Greece* in their alumni directories a short while ago, and many of the other financiers who have been in legal difficulties are discovered, ironically enough, to be doctors of laws.

The bonus-grabbing executives, the tax-evading promoters, the market-rigging pool operators, the fee-splitting jurists — all are well represented in America's Peerage. The LL.D.'s as a group are not more unethical than the rest of us, but neither are they appreciably better, and a university takes grave chances when it stakes its honor on a man's material

THE FORUM

fortunes. If wealth is his principal recommendation and then that wealth evaporates or if it subsequently develops that he had a confused and inadequate idea of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, a university may well regret the explicitness and enthusiasm of its "presentation" or even of the degree itself. A "presentation" usually reads like one of the more extravagant passages from *Rogers's Thesaurus*, but all the lovely adjectives in the book are small consolation when your millionaire lands in jail or the bankruptcy courts.

As with the captains of industry, just so with the tribunes of the people. The stature of a man in public life suffers such sudden and violent alterations — whether because he changes his policy, because of fuller knowledge of his acts, or merely because the political temper changes — that no university should gamble on him. Confirmation of this belief is obtainable at the institutions which once saluted Warren G. Harding with a burst of superlatives, and other examples will suggest themselves to the fertile mind. Even with men whose integrity has not been questioned, the appearance of things may change treacherously, as you may learn by applying to certain universities which had an access of New Deal enthusiasm in 1933 and 1934 and adopted cabinet members right and left. The harmonies written by the late Secretary Woodin are probably as commendable today as they were when he received a Doctor of Music degree 3 years ago, but everything else has changed — at least in the view of men who control the granting of honorary degrees. Binding your scholastic honor to the fortunes of a man in political life is always risky business, even if you do not go so far as Rollins College, which last March greeted President Roosevelt with these words:

It is because of our faith in what you are yet to do that Rollins would now pay you tribute. . . . As a pledge of our faith in laws yet to be drafted, in state papers yet to be written, as a pledge of our faith in your statesmanship-to-be, Rollins College confers upon you the degree of Doctor of Letters.

DOCTORS BY EXHORTATION

OF COURSE embarrassment may accrue to a university in other fields besides business and politics. A good poet may take to writing bad verse. A dramatist's work may prove to be plagiarism. An architect's style may come to look stuffy and antiquated. Changes in taste

occur slowly, but even here, as new insight is gained or as popular opinion changes, universities often wish they might swallow their words.

Some realization of the danger is indicated when universities give a man an honorary degree but not the kind of degree associated with his real field of activity. Thus Secretary Woodin was hailed not as a New Deal official, not even as head of the American Car & Foundry Co., but as a composer. Al Smith has been described, no doubt to his own astonishment, as a Doctor of Letters; Frances Perkins in the same terms.

The most interesting examples of this evasion are to be found among industrialists. A careless institution will go right ahead and proclaim them Doctors of Laws, but a more cautious policy is to examine their biographies and see if they were not at one time engineers. If they were, then they can be presented with that improbable set of initials, D.Engr., or, better still, Sc.D. By use of this device the college seems to transcend mere material success to the high plane of scientific achievement. The secret is given away, however, when the dates of the honorary degrees are superimposed on the biographies.

Henry L. Doherty of Cities Service, for instance, seems to have enjoyed a scientific reputation as long ago as 1898, when he received a gold medal for his contributions to the technique of the gas industry, but it was not until 1931, when he had left all thought of science behind him and had become world-famous as an entrepreneur that he received a Doctor of Engineering degree. Charles F. Kettering of General Motors was a brilliant inventor before the War, in fact continues to direct G.M. research today, but he was not considered eligible for an Sc.D. degree until 1932, by which time he had become director of many banks and corporations and the scientific phases of his work had been overshadowed by his activities as financier and industrialist. Eugene C. Sullivan is a chemist and deserving of the Sc.D. degree he received in 1933, but one wonders if there are not many other chemists of at least equal merit but lacking the irrelevant distinction of being President of Corning Glass.

Then there are dozens of men who have no contemporary excuse at all for being called

AMERICA'S PEERAGE

scientists and engineers — men such as Eugene G. Grace and Charles M. Schwab, of Bethlehem Steel; James A. Farrell, of U. S. Steel; L. F. Loree, of Delaware & Hudson. Each of these once had some direct connection with engineering, but few living persons can say what it was, if indeed the individuals remember themselves. If the colleges were really interested in science, worthy candidates might be found in the shops and laboratories of the big industries but not in the board rooms. The only engineering known at first hand by Messrs. Grace, Loree, etc. was learned decades ago. Their shop foremen would laugh at them if they tried to fill an engineer's shoes today, yet each has been given the title of Doctor of Science or Doctor of Engineering.

This trick of honoring an industrialist not for what he is but for what he may have been in the distant past is peculiarly appropriate to the general policy of reserving degrees for members of the *ancien régime* — whatever the field may be. The LL.D. list is not identifiable with present or future greatness but with an age that is dead or dying. The names are associated with past glories, if glories they be, and the whole thing suggests lavender and old lace. The reference is not to the age of the individuals but to the fact that the ideas they represent are more *passé*, more infinitely weary than the oldest man among them. Reaction is the salient characteristic of America's LL.D. roster.

WHERE ARE THE PROGRESSIVES?

AGAIN it must be said that those in control are usually innocent of consciously playing politics. In fact they frequently strive to avoid it. As long ago as 1791, when Hamilton and Jefferson received simultaneous LL.D.'s from the College of New Jersey, it was possible to show broad-mindedness by billing varied political attractions on the same program. Columbia did this last year when she honored the Liberty League's Professor Kemmerer at the same time as the AAA's Secretary Wallace. Conservative Princeton once conferred a Litt. D. on Norman Thomas. Both Harvard and

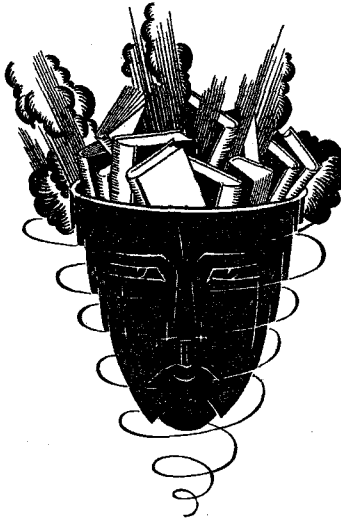
Columbia braved criticism by giving Al Smith an LL.D. in the heyday of the Brown Derby. The liberal members of the Supreme Court have as many degrees as the conservatives. But these cases are exceptional. Fairness and courage in rare instances cannot alter the number of scores on the other side of the ledger.

The most impressive testimony to the distribution of honorary degrees along strictly political lines may be found in the United States Senate. Exactly one fourth of the sen-

ators has degrees, and not one of these has ever been accused of being a radical. If one believes the "presentations" of these men, however, they were not singled out for any crass political reasons but because each has displayed unswerving devotion to principles, bulldog courage in sticking to his convictions, etc. In some cases (e.g., Carter Glass) this is true, but in others it is not.

And what of the members of the progressive group who for years stood out against calumny and ridicule, heard themselves called Bolsheviks and obstructionists, but continued to vote as their consciences dictated? The men who voted against declaration of war, who pried the lid off Teapot Dome, who opposed big navy bills, who fought the public utilities before that became a fashionable activity — all these may be as wrong as you please economically and politically, but they showed in the highest degree the courage and devotion to principles which ostensibly are the sole concern of the colleges. Senator Norris, Senator LaFollette, the late Senator Cutting, Senator Costigan, Senator Wheeler, Senator Nye — none of these and none of their progressive colleagues has ever received an honorary degree.

Although some of the Supreme Court liberals have had decent treatment (Justice Cardozo had 6 degrees before appointment, received 6 afterward), it is noteworthy that Justice Brandeis, who was given an honorary A.M. in 1891, when he was a respectable corporation lawyer, has not had a degree since. The late Justice Holmes, as his years and liberalism increased, was ignored by the colleges; when he died he had only 3 American degrees, 1 dating from 1912, the others from the 1890's.



THE FORUM

In other fields one notes the same tendency to exalt conservatism, to spurn liberalism. Ralph Adams Cram has several degrees; Frank Lloyd Wright has none. James Truslow Adams and far less competent historians have received the accolade which is denied to Charles A. Beard. Mark Sullivan is considered a Doctor of Letters, but Paul Y. Anderson and Frederick Lewis Allen are not. John H. Finley has nearly 30 degrees, while Heywood Broun has none. William Lyon Phelps has 10, but John Chamberlain and Malcolm Cowley have none. Oswald Garrison Villard received degrees when he owned the *New York Evening Post* but none (save 1 from a negro institution) after he took over the *Nation*. John Dewey has received no American degree in the last quarter-century. Felix Frankfurter has none at all. Walter Lippmann was passed by when he edited America's most liberal and intellectual newspaper but was adopted by 2 colleges when his anti-Roosevelt position was made clear in the *New York Herald Tribune*.

When Dorothy Dix and Marion S. Taylor (the Voice of Experience) are admitted to all the rights and privileges of the doctorate, must it not be a peculiar force at work to prevent recognition of such authors and journalists as Sherwood Anderson, George Soule, Lincoln Steffens, Lewis Mumford, Silas Bent, Bruce Bliven, Theodore Dreiser, the whole tribe of Van Dorens, and nearly every other writer whose work has the taint of liberalism? People who live in college communities have in general a high regard for these writers, but, so far as the commencement program shows, no scholar would be caught reading any of them.

Popular association of an honorary degree with stuffiness and Bourbonism is not unknown to several of the recipients themselves. Some modestly omit all surplus initials from their *Who's Who* biographies. Andrew W. Mellon proves his respect for Britain by listing his D.C.L. from Oxford but none of his 12 American degrees. President Roosevelt does not mention degrees conferred before he entered the White House. Grover Cleveland once went so far as to decline a proffered degree, and

William McKinley conveniently absented himself from a Harvard commencement at which, in spite of certain objections, he was to have been honored. On the other hand, when Harvard in 1883 broke its precedent of giving a degree to each Massachusetts governor, the slighted incumbent, B. F. Butler, showed *his* attitude toward the whole affair by attending, with a full cavalry escort, anyway.

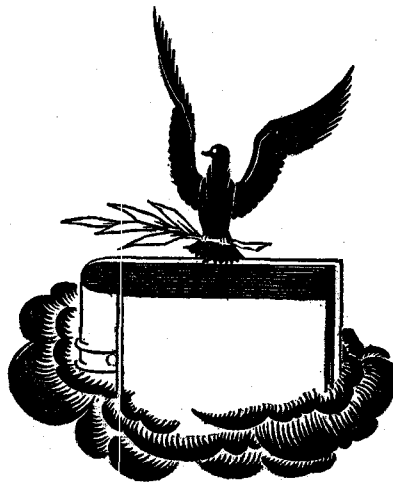
NO, THIS IS UNNECESSARY FRANKNESS

THE ASTOUNDING grounds on which honorary degrees are granted gave rise, some years ago, to a facetious movement with two main objectives: first, to require candidates to prove their ability to read and write; and, second, to create a new series of degrees and thereby save the A.M., the Ph.D., and the LL.D. ("although this last is probably hopeless now") from contamination. The initials put forward were D.Wp., Doctor of Wirepulling; D.H.F., Doctor of High Finance; and

D.A.P., Doctor for Advertising Purposes — "which would save the faces of small colleges that grant degrees for the sake of calling attention to themselves, the receiver being bigger than the giver."

As luck would have it, neither the literacy test nor the new degrees met with ready acceptance. The LL.D. has no more to do with laws than its possession by Harry M. Daugherty and Big Bill Thompson would suggest it has. The Ph.D. seems to have been saved from the wreck, but the A.M. may mean either a meticulous knowledge of Tacitus or an outstanding ability to round up delegates at a national convention.

Appreciation of all this is at least a century old in the United States. Thomas Jefferson, in founding the University of Virginia, stipulated that degrees should not be granted except for scholarly work performed at the university — a course which Virginia has followed resolutely ever since. Cornell adopted a similar policy at its establishment and weakened only once — to honor the President White who had enunciated the doctrine and, at the same ceremony, David Starr Jordan, who went to head Stan-



AMERICA'S PEERAGE

ford University, which also gives no honorary degrees. A few years ago a report to the American Association of University Professors showed that in the preceding decade 16 reputable institutions had granted no honorary degrees and others had given them only sparingly.

NEW CROWNS ON (MOSTLY) OLD HEADS

PERHAPS in time, as the incongruities reveal themselves more clearly and as laughter becomes more general, the practice of giving honorary degrees will die out. In the meantime one may venture a few predictions regarding candidates for 1936 election to America's Peerage.* These are not guaranteed, because the rules of the game change somewhat from time to time, but on the basis of past history it seems safe to guess that:

Carter Glass, in spite of his attack on scholarship and the historical method in connection with the Nye hearing, will add to the collection of LL.D.'s gathered last year.

Harry Hopkins and Rex Tugwell will be devoid of honors.

Professor Edwin W. Kemmerer's yeoman service for the Liberty League will win him several new initials.

The members of the Cabinet may find degrees here and there but in general will have the thinnest pickings in years.

James M. Landis, New Dealer though he is, may receive the accolade, now that he is considered safe by Wall Street.

David Lawrence's defense of the Supreme Court and his opposition to the New Deal may bring him some sort of recognition in spite of anti-Semitism in many colleges.

Al Smith, Henry Breckinridge, and other "take a walk" Democrats have the proper qualifications but are too closely associated with a specific political movement.

Sinclair Lewis, now that *It Can't Happen Here* is interpreted as an attack on Dr. Townsend, will probably be invited to more commencement exercises than any other writer. He may or may not accept.

Lewis Douglas should find his insistence on sound finance academically approved.

Clifford Odets may receive every literary

prize in existence, but he will never get an honorary degree.

No labor leader will be allowed within a mile of a commencement platform.

A last prediction is so terrible in its implications that one hesitates to commit it to paper. It is this: we have reached that stage in the history of our republic when H. L. Mencken is eligible and past due for an honorary degree! He has all the qualifications. He has written a lot of books; he has proved that proletarian literature does not exist; he has recently given Mr. Roosevelt a wicked lambasting; he was once considered naughty, and is now as respectable as last Sunday's *New York Times*. Why not? The "presentation" could go something like this:

Painter in words, architect in the English language, painstaking investigator of all that concerns the life of our times. Early displaying editorial skill, creative literary ability, and rare critical judgment, he has brought to the language of our fathers new words hewn from the rock of the western continent. Courageous in his opposition to that which he believes false, he has never flinched in the performance of his duty. Now, in troubled times when national counsels are confused, he sounds a trumpet call which all, irrespective of party principles, must heed. Mr. President, I have the honor to present for the degree of doctor of letters, *honoris causa*, Henry Louis Mencken.

And if there is anything wrong with that, then there is something wrong with every "presentation" ever written.

In this essay there has been an attempt to show that reactionaries have more than their deserved portion of academic honors, but the colleges could hold their heads no higher if the radicals had walked off with the lion's share. Conservatives are not *ipso facto* unworthy of scholars' respect, nor should every liberal be crowned with the bright-hued hood of the doctorate. However, if the evidence here adduced is sufficient to justify generalization, it would appear that conservatives are selected *because* they are conservatives, and other people are rejected *because* they are liberals. It would be just as bad the other way around, but bad it is in either case and a proper cause of academic humiliation. If honorary degrees attracted no public notice they would have no reason for existence; insofar as they do attract notice they make the integrity of a university a political football and the butt of rude jokes. It was not for this that the colleges were founded.

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—Most commencement presentations will have intervened between the writing of this article and its publication.

A Farm Woman Battles the Depression

by ALMA JOHNSON

DEAR MRS. ROOSEVELT:

I would never have had the courage to write to you, but I read somewhere that you were glad to get letters from women everywhere. That you were really interested in their problems in the things that make their day, the same as they are interested in the things that make your day. The paper we take doesn't have the little sketch you write about your day in the White House, but I have picked up a paper that did have it, a few times, and I like it so much. I like the reason, I'm sure you had for writing it as much as anything else. I know that you are thinking of the thousands of us who will live and die in these United States and never so much as see the outside of the White House much less enter it even as a guest or casual tourist. We are interested in what other people are doing — people whose days are so different from our own.

Now I am afraid this letter will be too long (but still you can quit reading anywhere you please that's something).

But if you would really like to know Alma Woods Johnson (just a plain country farm woman, 41 years old, been married 19 years and is decidedly over weight) if you care to know how she spends her days, some of her problems, something about what she thinks and feels — why you will just have to put up with a long letter.

I live on a little 20 acre farm not a mile from where I was born, one-half mile from the village of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, and 100 miles from Ft. Smith, Arkansas, the nearest town of any size.

We built our home when we were first mar-

ried and have lived here ever since except a few times when we have gone away and worked in order to make a few extra dollars to keep things going.

But nowadays we can come in close contact with the outside world without leaving our homes. If we have our daily paper and radio and magazines. But so many of us have had to give up our radio because we couldn't afford to keep batteries for it. Don't get to a picture show once a year. I know plenty of people who

have never heard a talkie and some who have seen very few pictures of any kind. We have only been to one show in almost two years now and that was Will Rogers in Steamboat Round the Bend. The last year or so we have needed every penny we had for real necessities. But we loved Will Rogers not so much Will Rogers of the screen, but Will Rogers the man, we miss him so much.

I feel like he helped to keep us sane through last election year and through so many trying times, we would pick up our paper and would read of so many things that had been done or said that would make us want to tear our hair. Then we would read what Will Rogers had to say, and he would hit the nail on the head every time, he would get them told and we would smile and the tension would ease — oh, how it helped and how we need him now. There has only been two outstanding men that I have especially admired and they are Will Rogers and your husband, President Franklin D. Roosevelt. I not only believe in President Roosevelt's sincerity of purpose, but I have faith in his ability also. If we have to have a Republican President next time, somehow I hope it won't be Gov. Landon,

The White House Washington

The following letter came in my mail. There is humor and pathos in it, but its value is largely in the picture which it gives of a human being and the vicissitudes of her existence. There are many lessons to be drawn from it, but its greatest interest to me was its spirit of courage and the unselfish thought for other people, in spite of all her own trials. I hope that others will find it as interesting and helpful as I did.

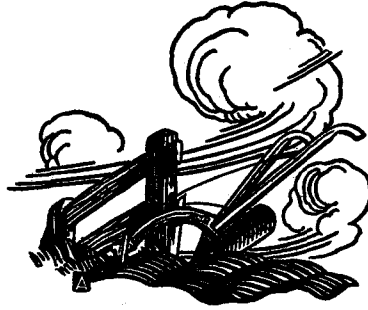
Eleanor Roosevelt

A FARM WOMAN BATTLES THE DEPRESSION

because Arkansas folks and Kansas folks don't get along very well, I don't know why but seems like everyone that comes here from Kansas never gets through criticising our State or the people in it, and of course we resent that, like one day a man and his wife were in to see the County Judge, they were complaining about our road system and about most everything else in the country and when they left the Judge turned to some people standing near and said, "I don't know who they are or where they came from but I bet my hat they are from Kansas."

NOBODY IS PERFECT

Now I was kinda joking about not liking Gov. Landon, because he is from Kansas, but I didn't like his speech, it sounded to me like he planned on launching a campaign based on President Roosevelt's program — with all the graft, greed and waste eliminated, he is going to do away with crooked politicians and all that sort of talk, now you know and I know and Gov. Landon knows you can't do away with all greed and waste or crooked politicians. Either you can do your best, the same as President Roosevelt has done, but any President has to trust someone to help carry out his program and sometimes people you put in responsible positions betray that trust — why one-twelfth of Jesus' disciples betrayed him, one-twelfth were working for their own selfish interest, and when a mere man gets up and says he is going to do away with all crookedness and greed and waste, he is either a fool or thinks the people are. Either way we don't need him in the White House, but some people are easy fooled, they never stop to think, some one can get up and tell them they are going to stop all this graft — they are going to make your tax money pay one hundred per cent — and some someone will shout, "you are the fellow we are looking for." The trouble with most people is — they don't want any money spent unless it is going to directly benefit them. I know people who seem to think the relief program is going to bankrupt the United States, but they were determined to have the bones, because they were down at Camp Pike a few months.



I mention these things because you said, you would like to know what is going on in the hearts and minds of the average American woman — another thing I would like to mention is how I think the Home Demonstration Club work has helped the rural woman — it broadens their outlook and gives them so many new ideas, causes them to take more interest in their personal appearance and also in their homes — visiting in other homes causes you to make comparisons and if your

home doesn't come up to standard you will find yourself trying to improve it as much as possible and when you meet with twenty or thirty women about once a month where you serve pot luck dinner you will find a lot of new recipes and getting up and talking or putting on a demonstration before a crowd keeps the

rural woman from becoming so self-conscious — after we leave school and get out on the farm to the regular farm routine and get out of the habit of saying anything in public — we get to where we are almost scared to death to get up before a few neighbor women, but through club work, we finally get to where we can, sometimes stand before a country council of four hundred or more Home Demonstration Club members and say whatever we have to say, we may be a little shaky in the knees but we can manage to get by without breaking down entirely. At present I am Secretary and Treasurer of the County Council of Benton County, and I am sure the work will be good for me.

MARRIAGE ON A FARM

Now for some of my problems, but before you can understand just the problems I do have — I will have to go back a few years — my husband and I were married in 1917 — we had been going together over five years and most of that time we had been working and saving as we could be married and still not have to live with the folks. So finally we bought this little 20 acre farm on time and was to pay for it so much a year. But there was no improvement on it, not even a fence, but my husband had saved seven hundred and fifty dollars and I had taught school two years and had worked in the Post Office at Pea Ridge

during the summer and had saved three hundred and fifty dollars and had a cow and calf, a lot of nice hand embroidered linens, some quilts and even then I have began trying to paint so I had a few right pretty pictures — so my husband built our little five room house with his money and I bought the furniture that had always been our plans — he was going to build the house and I was going to furnish it — but after we started the house we were afraid his money wasn't going to hold out to finish it so we said we will finish the house like we want it if we have to use my money, we can use good boxes for furniture (I felt like a new home as pretty as that one was going to be and some new furniture to go in it would just be more than I could stand anyway) but finally the house was finished and we went to town and paid our lumber bill, and we didn't have to touch my money — we started to Bentonville in the wagon (we didn't have a car) to buy the furniture and anyone that had happened to see us would have thought we were crazy — we were so happy — we hardly knew what we were doing. We had already been to Bentonville and picked out some things we were going to get if we had enough money. So when we knew we could get them — somethings way beyond our wildest dreams — we were so proud and happy we were almost beside ourselves — oh that was a grand day.

So we went ahead day after day paying on our land and for a team of mules we had bought on time. After while we had a well drilled but we carried water one-fourth mile for three or four years before we got it so you can imagine how we appreciate it and then we built a barn and chicken house and finally we got a little second hand Ford car, but my husband had to spend most of his spare time working on it, but then one day we bought a new car, and were we proud of it.



I have done nearly every kind of work that is to be done on the farm from picking apples and grapes and putting up hay to planting and gathering corn. For five years we had twenty-five acres of orchard leased besides what we

had of our own and I was all the extra help my husband had only at picking time. I have drove a team of mules to the sprayer when I was hardly able to sit up, but when it was time to spray you had to spray then if it did any good — so we couldn't wait for everything to be just right. And the spray dope always irritated my husband's nose and throat and caused his nose to bleed so much. I have seen him worry with trying to stop the bleeding until he would finally give it up and go ahead spraying and just let bleed. He couldn't afford to let a tank full of spray mixture set too long for the arsnic would settle in the bottom of the tank and then the part that didn't have enough arsnic wouldn't do the apples any good and the part that was too strong would burn them — so you had to keep going — of all the disagreeable tasks I have ever helped to do or seen anybody do spraying has them all beat — you have a team to look after and engine, a pump to keep going and about 60 feet of hose to dray and a nozzle on the end of that — that is always getting stopped up. When you come in from a days spraying you are as black as a negro, sometime wet to the hide with spray dope, and the stuff smells something terrible, and your face and eyes burn, and you are so tired. Then try to cook and do your housework — especially when all the time down in your heart you want to do something else, not unhappy mind you, but just rushing and hurrying so anxious to get caught up with the farm work and the house work because you have a picture you want to paint or a piece of fancy work you want to finish.

THESE THINGS WE COULDN'T HELP

THEN SOMETIMES we have done all this work and then have a bad freeze and kill all the apples and sometimes we have raised them and had them all ready for market and couldn't sell them for any price. All spring we are almost afraid to go to sleep at night afraid it will frost and kill all our fruit then all summer we hold our breath when it storms for fear it will hail and ruin it all then these last few years at gathering time in the fall even though we have managed to have a good crop our troubles are not over — we have to hunt someone to sell them to. We go to town and try to find a buyer. We watch the roads for a truck, and then we have seen our crop rot in the orchard.

A FARM WOMAN BATTLES THE DEPRESSION

But our orchard is just about gone now so probably we won't have any more apples to worry about. The apple market went to the bad two years or more before the depression came. But we have saved a little money and managed very well by going away from home and working during the dull season on the farm, but after the depression came we could not get out and pick up a job just at any time. So three years ago all our money was gone. We decided we would get a crop loan of one hundred dollars from the Government. We had borrowed money before and had always been able to pay it back. So we bought spray material and fertilizer and seed, and our crop was looking pretty well and I had about five hundred baby chicks a month old or more when one morning just before daylight a bad storm came. It was terrible for a long while. But just as soon as I would dare leave the house I ran to see about the baby chickens. A lot of shingles were off the roof and the chickens were in water an inch deep and they had piled on one another and some were already smothered and drowned. I made a fire and dried them best I could, cleaned out their house, put in dry straw, saved all of them I possibly could, and by this time it was getting daylight and we looked to see what else had happened. The roof was off the garage, a big hole in the barn. I came to the house and the water was pouring through the plaster and there was a lot of the roof off the house and the porch was all twisted. About this time a neighbor came down to see if we were all right and said, "Have you been up to the orchard?" and we said, "No, why?" He said, "Half the trees are on the ground," and sure enough there they were, one this way, one another. You could hardly make your way through them. I had seen the frost kill our apples, I had seen the hail knock them off, I had seen them rot in the orchard for lack of a buyer. But that was just that year's crop. We could say, "Well, maybe we will do better next year." But when the trees were gone there would be no next year. We started to the house, decided we better take a look at the grape vineyard, and they were stripped from the wires, little grapes and leaves all over the ground. We could not get in there to spray or plow the trees that were left until the ones that were down were all cleaned up and that took time. So we got about thirty dollars that year out of

all our crops and we paid that on our one hundred dollar loan and sold a cow to live on ourselves. But we have not had any money to take care of our trees we have left so they are about gone now. And the black rot got our grape crop last year. So we sold another cow. That leaves us with one cow, a mare and about forty hens. And we have seen what could happen and are afraid to risk anything. We just can't take a chance on losing our home we have worked hard for. We still owe sixty dollars on our crop loan of three years ago, and we feel like it would be foolish to close up our home here and go to a town or city looking for work when there are hundreds there already without work. There is no work close to home.

HEARTSICK BUT HOPEFUL

A YEAR ago last July when I was thinking least about it, I realized I was going to be a mother, the first time in all my eighteen years of married life I had ever had reason to suspect such an event, and here I was forty years old with less money than we had ever had during all that time well I just couldn't even begin to tell you how we did feel we were scared and happy and bewildered all in one, but we figured we would get along some way. I was happy and very optimistic from the very start — we had never realized how much we wanted a baby until we began looking for one and the nearer the time came the more anxious we became until we could hardly wait. And not only us but everybody in the community was interested in me and that baby and as I found out afterwards that everybody, but me was scared to death, and sure enough we lost our baby. The doctor said it just couldn't have been avoided. There just isn't anyway in the world for me to tell you how grieved and disappointed we were. I was sick so long about four days and eighteen hours in hard labor. The house was almost full of people before it was over for all my people were here by then. Besides all the friends and neighbors that were in the yard. But through it all everytime I would have time to get my breath or think at all I would



THE FORUM

think Oh! this is terrible but surely it can't be but just a few minutes more until my baby will be here and if I can just hear it cry and hold it in my arms this won't amount to much. But I lost the battle. After it was all over and I began to get better I could have enjoyed feeling easier and lighter. But my arms were empty.

Now my heart has gone back on me and I'm not able to do any heavy work at all any more, and we owe a large doctor bill now my husband is a good, honest, sober citizen and is doing the very best he can under the circumstances. But everything has gone wrong for him so long, I'm afraid he will loose heart. I don't want him to get to the point where he is willing to just get by content with a mere existence, I don't want him to loose self-confidence — oh I hardly know just how to tell you but I think you know what I mean.

There are so few jobs around here no factories or things of that sort. There are a few W.P.A. jobs going on but they use mostly men on relief. And we are not quite that far along yet. But that is the thing that is worrying me, we are just barely holding on, almost going hungry in order to do that, with another year or so like the last few years, will we have the courage to keep fighting or will we give up — we are not young any more — and some times I'm so afraid. But surely times will get better or something will break in our favor soon. We can't get any W.P.A. work, we didn't have enough land to qualify on any of the Crop reduction programs you see we just raise fruit and truck crops. My husband just received his call to war when the Armistice was signed. So we won't be in on the soil erosion business — now don't misunderstand me and think I am kicking because everything that has been done hasn't directly benefited me. I'm sure it has helped the majority and any program that will help the majority of the people is bound to help me in some way and I feel like the farmer and Mr. Average Citizen has had a friend in the White House for almost four years now — and that is more than you can say for a good many preceding years. I sincerely hope we will

be fortunate enough to have the same man at the head of our Government for the next four years. It would be such a pity not to give President Roosevelt a chance to finish the New Deal he has started. Four years is too short a time to get us out of the mess we were in when he took charge. But given a little more time I believe he will get it all straightened out. That is the trouble the other side see that things are working out alright, of course it will

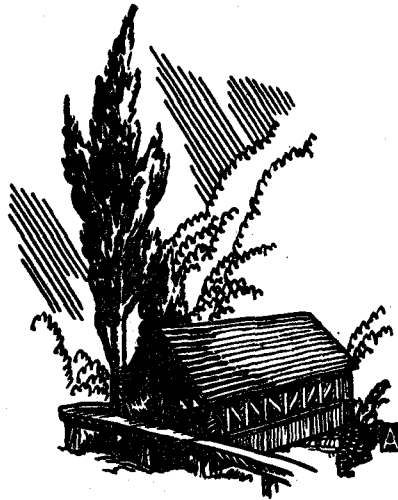
take time to pick out all the mistakes and that sort of thing, but the general pattern is O.K. and the opposition know it. Why, they wouldn't want to be in charge so badly if they didn't see a brighter day ahead, and if they do get in power won't they crow about how they saved the country.

FARM FOLKS CAN'T BUY PICTURES

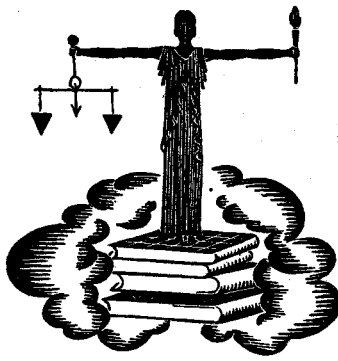
So I will tell you what I would like for you to do for me — if you will. I'm just afraid you are to thinking "I knew there was a catch in it somewhere" but I believe this will not be so very hard for you. I am sending two pictures I have painted of scenes here in the Ozarks they are not copies they are all my own work. I just want you to tell me what you really think of them. There is no one around here that would know any more about them than I do and I would like for someone that knows something about art to tell me what they think. I know you think "Why pick on me" I hardly know myself, only, if you think they are any good at all (now I don't mean compared with great artists or masterpieces and all that sort of thing, but good enough that I might find a market for them or something like that) I thought you might give me some advice or help me get in touch with someone that could help me in some way. I can sell a picture here for a few dollars once in a while, but farm folks haven't had money to buy pictures these last few years.

I know there must be things that you wish for and long for — may your dreams come true.

Very truly yours,
ALMA JOHNSON



Poor Man's Court



by HARRY D. NIMS

The judicial department comes home in its effects to every man's fireside. — *John Marshall*

MARY (her name is not Mary, but her real name is in the records of the Small Claims Court in New York City) had never worked before, but at last the depression reached her family, and a job became essential. She found one in a store at \$12 a week. At the end of the first week she was fired and was told that she would receive no pay — a somewhat common method of economizing in these days when help is plentiful. Her friends sympathized with her, and all but one of them told her that nothing could be done. This one directed her to the new Small Claims Court. She told her story to the clerk. A summons was sent by mail to the owner of the store, directing him to show cause, a few days later before a judge, why Mary should not be paid the \$12. When the case was called, the \$12 was paid. The cost to Mary was 21 cents.

It is important that great issues and cases involving large amounts should be tried by our courts promptly and fairly; but it is of vastly more importance that the Marys with their claims of \$12 should be given facilities for trial which are even more prompt, more expeditious, than those afforded the big ones. It is impossible to overemphasize how necessary it is that Mary and those like her should know from their own experience that justice is a reality for them.

What is a small-claims court? It is not a separate court at all. The term is a misnomer.

Really, the thing we are talking about is a method and not an institution — a procedure, not a court. It consists in giving to those courts in a community to which small cases are brought the power to try these cases without formalities or technicalities of procedure, without rules of evidence, without requiring the attendance of lawyers, with little or no expense to the plaintiff, and with just as little delay as possible.

Under this procedure, it is not necessary to prepare formal written statements (called pleadings) of the claim or to serve a summons personally on the defendant, in order to secure his attendance at court. Pleadings are eliminated. Instead, a simple statement is written out by the clerk, when the plaintiff calls to present his case. The defendant is summoned by mail, and the cost to the plaintiff is the postage, plus a small fee.

The plaintiff usually finds himself in the simplest of surroundings when he comes to court. Presently, the clerk or judge calls his case, and he is asked to take the usual witness' oath and then to tell his story. The judge does the questioning, whether the plaintiff has a lawyer or not, and it is very seldom that a lawyer appears for either side. There is no jury. The plaintiff is allowed to tell his story in his own way so long as he sticks to the facts: there is no formalism, no red tape, no talk about "incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial." The facts come out under the questions of the judge.

Then, the defendant is sworn and given his chance to make his statement. A few more

THE FORUM

questions by the court, and the case is usually over. If the plaintiff wins, the defendant is ordered to pay, and the judge then and there may inquire into his circumstances sufficiently to learn whether payment of the whole amount at once is possible or, if not, whether payment can be made in installments over a period of time; for, in most States, these new courts have power to order payment in this manner.

The creation of such a court is a very simple process, usually by a short statute of the legislature empowering the existing courts to try these cases in the manner described. It may be accomplished in some jurisdictions merely by rules passed by the court itself.

II

THE GROWTH of small-claims procedure has been slow. The first such court was created in 1913 by the Kansas legislature. A Statewide act of this sort was passed in Massachusetts in 1921. Under this act, all of the lowest courts in the State are empowered to establish rules for hearing and trying cases involving less than \$50 according to this simple procedure.

Small-claims procedure has been in use in Chicago since 1916. It has now been established in at least 16 states either as a Statewide procedure or in one or more cities.

In New York the legislature at its 1934-1935 session, by a very short statute, authorized the Municipal Court of the Greater City of New York to try cases according to the small-claims process. The plan was put in operation in September, 1934, after careful preparation by the judges. The statute permits the service of summons by mail and provides that this procedure may be used for the collection of wages, for which cases the only fee is the mailing charge. (Of 1,420 summons sent out by the Boston Small Claims Court in 1932, only 2 were refused by the defendant.) In order to prevent the Small Claims Court from deteriorating into a convenient and inexpensive collection agency, neither partnerships nor corporations may bring claims there.

There has been very little publicity regarding the New York court, but its growth has been rapid. Presiding Justice Bissell of the Court, in his annual report, says:

The number of actions instituted in the Small Claims parts of the Court is steadily increasing.

Comparing the number of cases brought to

the Court in the period September 1 to December 31, 1934, with those brought to it in the same period in 1935, its work has increased 43 per cent. This growth has been a natural one. There has been no attempt on the part of the Court and very little effort by anyone else to bring its existence to the knowledge of the public.

Lawyers are just as free to appear in these cases as in any other; but it is the experience everywhere that under the informal procedure, where technicality is almost nonexistent, lawyers' services are unnecessary and useless. Of the cases brought so far in the New York City Small Claims Court, lawyers have appeared in less than 25 per cent. It is certain that, as the value of this procedure to the public becomes more evident, the lawyers will give it their full support. At the present time, however, attempts to set up these courts in certain places have met with opposition on the part of the bar, largely because lawyers, like most of us, know little or nothing about them. A few oppose the courts because they wish to get even the small fees that can be earned in these little cases, regardless of the necessity of better justice for these litigants, and fear that the new courts may cut down their income, an attitude which speaks for itself.

The existence of these courts means that the small tradesman can protect himself against the professional debt dodger who runs up accounts and refuses to pay. It means that small amounts due, hitherto uncollectible, which are matters of real importance to many individuals, can be collected.

But, above all, these courts bring to those who use them and are helped by them the realization that the government exists for them — is interested in them. It is a convincing denial to them of the propaganda of certain organizations to the effect that the courts exist only for those of ample means.

It is a practical and effective answer to the widespread complaint regarding the law's delay, its expense, and its technicalities.

III

THE AMOUNT of money which is involved in these small claims is almost unbelievable. From September, 1934, to December, 1935, the judgments entered in the small-claims courts in New York City (and this does not include

POOR MAN'S COURT

the collections which are made without entry of judgment) amounted to \$254,697.20, represented by 11,235 judgments, an average of about \$22 each. In these 16 months, 20,453 cases were brought. In Massachusetts during the past 5 years there has been an average of 22,500 cases brought under this procedure in the courts, in addition to those brought in the Small Claims Court in Boston.

Any study of these courts suggests the question: If this practice be good for a case involving \$50, why is not the same procedure available and useful for larger claims? And this has been realized in the Municipal Court in Chicago, which started the procedure in 1916 for cases up to \$50, then gradually increased the amount to \$200.

If we think in terms of fundamentals, there is nothing more important today than to give to the public tangible assurance that the courts exist just as much for the poor as for the rich; that in the eyes of the law Mary's claim for \$12 is perhaps more important than larger claims can be.

But it costs money to run courts. How much do these courts add to the tax burden?

The answer, in most places, is very little if anything at all. No new judges are required, unless the court is already badly overworked. The Municipal Court in New York, busy as it is, has met the extra load by the public spirit of the judges and the use of judges whose terms have expired but are receiving retirement pay from the city. Each of these courts does however require a clerk and a good one — a man with a real human side and real sympathy — for he is the cornerstone of the court. He is usually a man already on the staff of the court and known to possess the qualifications which the job demands. He is the first to contact those who seek to use the court and he must advise them all.

And what of collecting the judgments? How can a debtor be made to pay? A seamstress living in New York obtained a job with a furrier. At the end of her first week she had earned \$10. The furrier decided that \$5 would be sufficient payment. But to the seamstress the \$5 meant food and lodging. She was finally directed to the Small Claims Court. The furrier was summoned but did not appear. The seamstress told her story, and was given judgment. The furrier had never heard of the Small Claims Court;

it meant nothing to him. He flouted the judgment. The seamstress returned to the clerk, who forthwith issued a property execution against the furrier. This he also disregarded but promptly received notice that unless the judgment were paid within 3 days he would be committed to the county jail. The seamstress received her money, and the furrier was furnished with convincing evidence that law is a reality and that it insists upon honesty, even in small matters, and can enforce its decisions effectively.

IV

THE CONDITIONS with which small-claims procedure deals present a nationwide problem. In many places there is one kind of justice for the well-to-do and another for the poor. The two groups do not stand on an equal footing in the courts. Behind this condition often lie family tragedy and suffering, to alleviate which the bar has for years given of its time and skill without pay, but which it has done little or nothing to remedy fundamentally, by replacing worn-out methods of procedure with others adapted to meet modern conditions.

This inequality between those with means and those without is due primarily to the fact that justice is expensive. It costs money to use the law and courts, and for him who has no money there is little justice, except through the charity of legal-aid societies or of the bar. This expense results from the fact that in most courts the machinery for handling cases, big and little, is the same and is so complicated or can easily be made so complicated that the litigant does not dare to trust his controversy to it unless he has a lawyer to protect him. His fear is of the technical regulations, which he believes the lawyer whom his enemy is sure to employ will use to deprive him of his rights.

Then there are various possible court fees — an entry fee, a calendar fee, a trial fee, a fee to enter judgment, a fee to issue execution, fees to the sheriff. In California, for years, no suit, for even the smallest amount, could be started until \$9 had been deposited. "These expenses, says Mr. R. H. Smith (*Justice and the Poor* — Carnegie Foundation) are too low to deter the rich, but high enough to prohibit the poor." He adds that it is shown by ample evidence that the system of costs has worked to close the doors of the courts to the poor.

THE FORUM

In some States where wages can be attached or garnisheed in suits for small amounts, one who owes, say, \$6 to a grocery store may be sued, and his wages garnisheed. The cost of the garnishment writ, together with the service fees of the officer who serves it often amount to \$5 or \$6. Suppose the debtor is unable, with the time allowed (which is something like a month), to pay the debt, which now becomes \$12 instead of \$6. Another writ is issued against him. Another \$6 of expense is added to the original bill. He now owes \$18 (less what he has been able to pay) — an amount beyond his power to meet. By no process of reasoning can such methods as these be termed proper administration of justice.

Then there are delays. Where small-claims procedure is not used, it is not unusual for from 1 to 3 or 4, even 6, months to be required to collect claims of a few dollars. These and other conditions close the doors of the courts to many people who sorely need their help.

There are few of us who like to appear in the courts; some of us perhaps distrust them. Thousands of people, in cities particularly, are fleeced by sharpers of various sorts but accept their losses in silence rather than resort to the courts. They dislike the high bench, the black-robed judge, the unfriendly atmosphere, the gruff, uniformed attendants. They fear the unpleasant possibilities of the witness stand; they are disgusted with the quarrels and bickering of lawyers. The technicalities make them suspicious of the genuineness of the whole process.

Most of these things are eliminated in the

courtroom when the small-claims procedure is used. Usually, these courts are friendly places; and one wonders if it be essential, in order to impress the wrongdoer with the dignity and authority of the law, to use methods which cause honest, law-abiding citizens to fear and dislike the courts.

Small-claims procedure is no longer an experiment. It is a *fact*, which perhaps can be used in planning better justice for all. It demonstrates that, certainly in most cases involving \$200 or less, the services of a lawyer are not necessary for full protection of the litigants; that juries are not necessary; that rules of evidence can be dispensed with and testimony adequately controlled by the judge; that written complaints, written answers, motions, examinations before trial, and other usual formalities are not necessary to justice; that delay can be largely eliminated and expense so reduced as to be fair to the public and as to bear reasonable relation to the amount of the claim.

The rules that control our courts are based partly on fear — fear lest the judge may influence the jury, lest the attorneys may improperly sway the jury or the judge, lest the judge may be partial, lest unfair evidence be introduced. Perhaps, some day, conditions will so change that the emphasis can be put on confidence, with all measures retained that are necessary to deal adequately with those who abuse their rights to use the courts. Our experience with the small-claims procedure seems to indicate that such an outcome is not an impossibility.

Perfection

*The old despairing dream persists
Within the skull's ambitious room,
And burns to fever in the wrists
Until the nervous hands assume
The godlike labor and intent —
Happy, until the fateful hour
Man sees the thing he never meant
Rebuked by the most casual flower.*

David Morton

The New Epoch In Psychical Research

by GERALD HEARD

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH has reached a crisis. It has never been a subject whose course ran smooth. The crisis today, however, is the greatest it has faced. But not the worst; on the contrary, it is a crisis full of hope. This research, if it surmounts its problem today, will go ahead as never before — as we never thought possible before.

For the chief problem in this research and that which has held it up has been not so much the collection of new facts and getting scientists to notice them but rather that the facts would not fit into any theory. They could not honestly be put into any frame which would make sense of them. When you cannot make a theory, after a little while fresh facts and still more facts only confuse; and finally any further advance becomes impossible. We too often forget science owes as much to a good theory as to the facts which fill it. Water is good, but it is no good unless you can get a vessel to hold it. The fundamental trouble with psychical research is, then, not so much the facts but what the mischief they mean. It is quite true they make chopped straw of the older anthropomorphism. So the official scientists have simply refused to look at the facts, and the official spiritualists hand-pick them over to stub them into their frame and picture of things.

Today, however, the physicists tell us that if we are to be scientific we must get rid not merely of anthropomorphism — imagining the universe to be a “magnified nonnatural man” — but also of that picture’s successor, mechanomorphism, the fancy that the universe is a magnified nonnatural machine. We have to conceive the Universe as somehow “mental,” more truthfully to be thought of as alive than dead.

Now this new step taken by the physicists helps remarkably the psychical researcher. For

now we can see that the real hitch in advance here has been due just to this fact: that we had mistakenly divided up the whole into two isolated parts — mind and matter — the outer, dead world which was real and our separate, onlooking consciousness which alone was alive but also somehow not really “real.”

II

TO UNDERSTAND what overcoming that mistake will mean for psychical research and how it will help forward discovery, we must first trace in outline how that mistaken separation was allowed to arise. The nineteenth century made such great progress in explaining the universe on mechanistic principles that scientific specialists and public alike leaped to the conclusion that everything real must really be mechanical. Hence, those who dared still to study the mind scientifically thought they could do so with academic approval only if they conceded that mind had of course no influence on matter.

But what about mind influencing the body? Was not the body matter? Most psychologists yielded that point too. The mind had only an indirect influence on the body — and, as physiology and biochemistry advanced, it seemed that the mechanists would no longer allow even that. The mind only imagined that it controlled, even indirectly, the body. The truth was that chemical changes in the body made the mind fancy it was guiding, while all the time it was really being driven.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that students of the mind were ashamed of finding facts which told against this theory, such facts would not keep away. Researchers in psychology had honestly tried — tried indeed, until honesty itself began to show the strain — to confine their attention to mental phenomena, to prove that the mind was only a shadowy

thing incapable of affecting matter, so that of course physical phenomena did not even deserve investigation.

The facts of hypnosis refused, however, to confirm the concordat between the psychologist and the mechanist. Here in this awkward corner the settlement ran: psychologists shall discover only that the mind can affect function but never organ. That meant that hypnosis can cause changes of behavior but never changes of and in tissue. This frontier, hypnosis — or suggestion — refused to respect. A blister could be raised on the skin, and an ulcer cured, simply by suggestion. The mind, then, could alter the body.

Further, research into telepathy and clairvoyance showed that the mind — though it commonly uses the sense organs it has built up — need not always do so. This fact, when the evidence can no longer be resisted, is generally held to be explained away and mechanism somehow to be preserved by saying that it is simply one mind influencing another, and so our picture of the “real” world as nothing but a machine is unaffected. Experiments, however, in “eyeless sight,” the paroptic sense — the latest of which were reported to the international conference held by the British Optical Association last October — show that this is not so. No sense seems to depend more on its organ than does sight. Yet here we must recognize that the organ can be dispensed with and the subject sees. The mind, then, uses the body — it is not the body which “projects” the mind.

It is therefore clear that researchers can no longer go on talking of mind and body as two separate things. That many scientists conceded. They thought, however, that the story would end with the body swallowing the mind. Instead the mind has established its autonomy. Are we then going to end, instead, with mind being all that matters — complete “idealism”? That again is too simple and indeed commonplace a conclusion. The dawning truth is far more remarkable. Today it is clear that we are faced with a unity, the mind-body, and that neither side can be cleared out in the name of the other. To put it crudely, mind is a form of body, and, equally, body is a type of mind. Once that principle is conceded and understood, it is then that we get real advance — but not until then.

III

NO DIFFICULTY has been graver in psychological research than the sporadicity of phenomena. That, however, though it is the way this difficulty is usually described, is to underrate it. The truth is that happenings and faculties which showed themselves unmistakably in unprepared and friendly circumstances put up a sorry show before highly critical attention and under exacting tests. Dr. Rhine has already thrown some light on this — rare faculties are easily upset. That is very important. The countersuggestion: “You can’t do it; I know you can’t; if you do you must have cheated” — that sublime negative faith can make the subject incapable.

But we can make a further addition to this knowledge. Now that we realize that mind and body are two sides of one thing, we see why sporadicity and spontaneity have marked all paranormal phenomena. The subject himself has always been ignorant about them. They simply took place through him, not by him. Therefore he was of course incapable of knowing how or even when they would emerge. Sometimes he was faintly aware something was boding — gathering under the threshold — but when it would break over, still less how to assist it in its struggle out the subject could seldom if ever say.

That word *threshold*, however, may make some people remark that, as we have so long known about the limen, why have we not derived access to these powers if they really exist? The truth is that discovery served little purpose because the two men who did so much to familiarize the public with it were both all too certain what they would find there and how they would make it prove their prejudices. To F. W. H. Myers it was to be a sky pilot, to Freud a sink. The one was determined it should tell him about an anthropomorphic heaven, and the other that it should regurgitate sure and certain proof of man’s animality.

What, however, had been found was not a message but a motor, not a revelation but a dynamo. It is clear then that it is not enough merely to soothe a “sensitive” in the hope that he will be able to yield measurable results under smooth but stringent conditions. We cannot hope for results unless the sensitive knows how to generate to a maximum his latent powers:

THE NEW EPOCH IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

conversely we can hope that, when so learned, against it not even the negative faith of those academics who "know what can happen and know *that* can't happen" will prevail.

Up till now, we have in our modern civilization been, in this matter of psychical research, in the same state as civilization was economically six thousand years ago. It was wholly dependent on natural outcrops, on wild growths, on lucky finds. It was at the food-gathering stage, which precedes the food-cultivation epoch. Today we have had no method of training and canalizing those natural gushers—the mediums. Hence, most give out before they have been investigated, and the others, finding the work profitable but the faculty precarious, resort almost as often as possible to some degree of pretense. To blame the medium or to burke the fact, either of the easy courses is debarred to the true scientist. What we have to realize is that such faculties are not only misapprehended by those who still possess them but are also now rare.

As Dr. Bateson, the geneticist, pointed out, the three intensive centuries of destruction of all who showed any paranormal powers, under the charge of witchcraft, left the eighteenth century depleted of mediums, and the supply began to be restored only in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. A further fact which helps investigation is the discovery that such faculties function through using a focus of consciousness other than that through which our material civilization has been built up during the last three hundred years. Those who possess what has been called integral thought are not necessarily fools. Indeed their particular apprehensions, which we call intuitions of value, are essential to a balanced and sane society. However, as such apprehenders are as weak in the analytical faculty as they are strong in the integral, they appear of poor intelligence and, as we have had till now no method for training this type of mind, they remain ignorant not merely of our materialistic outlook but also of the nature of their own faculty.

IV

WE HAVE then, first, to select our sensitives and, next, to teach them their own tech-

nique. It is little use trying to make a musical prodigy a satisfactory accountant. But how teach?

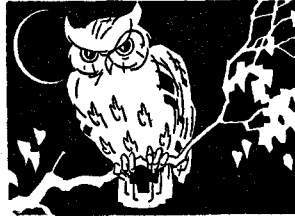
It is here our new humility comes to our aid. As we have confessed that mind and body cannot be kept apart and that mind and body are

two parts of one thing, so we are now free to learn of other methods used by more open-minded researchers. Today we can carry out a technique of mind-body training through which and only through which the mind can have at its com-

mand and in full force its entire powers. We are at last facing the fact that here the East can teach us. Already research has shown that controlling of breathing can bring about very curious states of mind-body control. Physiological research into the bodily condition after such exercises has seemed to show, however, that no remarkable change has taken place in the blood. Is the method no more than a self-soothing trick?

It is here that the latest physico-physiological research into the electric field of the body and brain is a vital element, and we now know further that it is this field which is affected by advanced breathing exercises. Autopsies have shown in more than one case that those who have accidentally killed themselves through too rapid experimentation with such exercises have died not of syncope but through an acute meningitis, the spinal fluid being found in acute disturbance, though no germ infection was present. This would seem to show that the field of the body had been too abruptly disturbed, the fundamental energy of the mind-body too rapidly switched over or run through, with the habitual "resistances" removed; and so the "lines" had been "fused."

The constant and equal interaction of mind and body is also confirmed by the increasing importance which medical research has to attach to general resistance. The germ theory of disease still stands as a most fruitful half-truth. It is, however, a truth nearly worked out. Its other side is in the discovery of how virulent a germ infection the body can overcome if you can rouse its full resistance. The virus of the common cold, the pneumococci, and many other ordinary and serious infections can be resisted by change of mood. We now



THE FORUM

know why. The confident temper acts directly on the suprarenals, and they release a secretion without which the white blood cells cannot tackle invading micro-organisms.

It is not, however, enough to say, "I will not catch cold." You must feel the impossibility. There lies the secret of all the higher resistances. It is creating in the mind-body a sense of positive, dynamic well-being. The deeper that goes, the profounder the resistance. The trouble with us is that, owing to our mind-body ignorance, we can have only a very superficial control over this latent energy.

Gorer has described that among the Mol fishermen of the west coast of Africa there is a technique of breath control which permitted a man under his observation to lie on the floor of a deep pool for three quarters of an hour. Absolute relaxation, "plastic catalepsy," would permit of such muscle slackening that hardly any lactic acid would form, and so very little oxygen be required. The Mol fishermen are not a race with only an aptitude in this direction. They are also carefully trained to this method. It is not pretended that anyone could do it by a sudden impulse of "faith." The same extension of mind control over body by mind-body exercises appears to have been shown in London last September when a Kashmiri twice walked along a fire trench in his bare feet, the heat being shown by a thermocouple to be over eight hundred degrees Fahrenheit and the feet being examined by a doctor to guarantee that they were not calloused or specially treated. The case has awakened controversy. The fact remains that two others who were untrained and who took only a step or two had to leap off to escape serious burning.

V

IT SEEMS then that here we have an extension of a field outside the body — an insulation possible only if the threshold of consciousness has been shifted far back beyond the customary limen into those layers at which the control of heartbeat, etc. is directed and whence it is possible — if not wise — to release stores of energy usually insulated from the control of the objective mind. In short, the only theory which fits the facts is the theory of a field of which the conscious mind and the body are two poles. The linkage of these two is the subconscious; here mind and body meet; and,

using this subconscious as a fulcrum, body and mind, instead (as is common with us) of pulling against one another, can be made to co-operate with each other.

Again it is worth remarking that this sudden access of strength need not necessarily be for the good. The present balance of mind and body, though uneasy, is a balance. The deranged energy of the lunatic, the frantic nerve storm of the epileptic are disagreeable examples of mind and body co-operating in the release of an energy for which no adequate canalization has been provided. As Roger Bacon nearly blew his head off with his first brew of gunpowder, so with our first releases of full mind-body energy we shall probably blow some of our wits to pieces. No real power is ever safe. What we can realize is that the subconscious can now be approached through psychophysical exercises and that thus the mind can have extranormal power over the body and the body can release and empower the mind so that it can exercise mental powers which today are so rare and freakish that almost all who have not witnessed them deny them.

The phenomena themselves are, however, merely soundings which show the new coast which we are approaching. The new conception of the universe, as neither personal nor material but in a measure mental, is exactly the basic conception which psychical research requires today and in which its finds can be fitted. Our minds, we see, are like telescopes. During the anthropomorphic stage we were using one aperture. Then the apparatus changed, and we saw another universe — and unwisely concluded that the earlier observations were not only misdescribed but hallucinatory. Now, once again the mind's aperture is changing, and we are seeing yet another — a third — universe.

But that is not all. What is even more important is that we are beginning to understand ourselves, are beginning to see that, as the aperture is changed, so new facts can be seen. This step is revolutionary because it means that we now realize that we must and can deliberately change the mind's aperture. By self-training we can add a completely new and unsuspected instrument to our apparatus of discovery — the mind-body, consciously and deliberately manipulated to apprehend a new focus of reality. That is why we are about to enter a new epoch in psychical research.

Can Capitalism Keep the Peace?

A Debate

I—Yes, if We Pay the Price

by EUSTACE SELIGMAN

ADVOCATES of socialism contend that war is caused by capitalism and that the only cure for war is the abolition of capitalism. They advance three arguments in support of this view.

Firstly it is argued that we have always had wars under capitalism and that, therefore, they are inevitable under capitalism. This view confuses coincidence with cause and effect. Wars existed before capitalism existed; therefore, as a matter of obvious logic, war is not a function of capitalism.

The second argument to support the view that war is inevitable under capitalism is that capitalism is inevitably decaying because of its increasing inability to consume what it produces; it temporarily averts the inevitable end only by selling goods abroad and investing abroad; selling goods abroad and investing abroad requires colonies; and obtaining and maintaining colonies requires war.

Each of these statements is incorrect:

Capitalism is not decaying but is expanding; the depression through which we have been passing does not mark the end of capitalism; recovery is already here.

It is not true that business crises are due to the inability of capitalism to consume what it produces. It is impossible here to go into the details of this problem in economic theory, but the following quotation from Professor Sumner H. Slichter's recent book, entitled *Towards Stability*, is illuminating:

The "popular" theory of depressions is the underconsumption theory. The theory takes several forms, some of them so extravagant as to be grotesque. A moderate and widely accepted form is as follows: During boom periods profits increase faster than other forms of income. Profits go largely to the well-to-do, who invest them rather than spend them for

consumers' goods. As a result, the producing power of industry grows faster than consumers' incomes, producers are unable to find a market for their output at prices which cover its cost, and the boom is transformed into depression. Few economists accept this theory and yet whenever the man in the street attempts to account for depressions, he invariably ends up with an underconsumption theory. . . . The underconsumption theories simply reverse cause and effect — it is the drop in business spending which produces the inadequacy of consumer incomes; not the inadequacy of consumer incomes which produces the drop in business spending.

Even if the underconsumption theory were correct, it does not follow that capitalism cannot consume what it produces; it would be entirely possible, if it were in fact socially desirable, through governmental action to discourage thrift and decrease savings.

The third argument to support the view that war is inevitable under capitalism is that capitalistic states are run solely in the interest of capitalists and that capitalists make wars because it is to their advantage.

These statements are likewise untrue.

Capitalistic states are not run in the interest of the capitalists solely; in democracies, such as the United States, the interests of capitalists are being continually ignored, as capitalists well know to their sorrow.

Furthermore, successful wars are not to the advantage of capitalists alone, but if they are advantageous at all it is the entire country that benefits. And, when wars bring economic advantages to the victorious country, the advantages are equally great irrespective of whether the country is capitalist or socialist; and the economic incentive to war is consequently equal under the two types of state.

Japan's claim for colonial expansion is based in part upon the fact that her population is disproportionately great compared to the size

THE FORUM

of her territory. Is there any reason for believing that the desire of the Japanese to meet this problem of overpopulation by expansion would be any less under a socialistic state than under a capitalistic state?

Italy's claim for expansion is based primarily upon her own comparative lack of natural resources. To the extent that this was a factor in causing the Ethiopian war, is there any reason for believing that it would have been less a factor under a socialistic state than under a capitalistic state?

Finally, take the case of pre-War Germany, whose cry was that she needed colonies to increase her markets. Is there any reason whatsoever for believing that, if the government of Germany had been socialistic rather than capitalistic, the economic urge for markets during this period would have been any less?

II

IF WE CANNOT eliminate the cause of war by eliminating capitalism, how can we do it assuming that separate nations will continue to exist?

First. We should endeavor to eliminate, through education, all noneconomic causes of war: the intolerant belief in the superiority of one's own country and race; dislike of other countries; dictatorships; the brutal side of human nature; the desire for prestige.

Second. We should, through education, endeavor to emphasize that the benefits of a victorious war are often less than is assumed to be the case and that, furthermore, the offsetting costs of a modern war are tremendous.

Third. We should endeavor to develop international machinery whereby all nations will join in opposing unjustified aggressors. The existing machinery of the League of Nations has proved itself ineffective, but the reason for that is threefold. Firstly, it is a new idea in the world, and it will require a considerable period of time before this idea is generally accepted. Secondly, the fact that the United States was unwilling to take any action upon the breach of the treaty and even, in the Italian case, interfered with the action taken by other neutral nations, has been a most unfortunate obstacle in the path of international action. Thirdly, both the Kellogg-Briand pact and the League of Nations Covenant are inadequate in that they fail to recognize the

fact that a crystallization of the *status quo* forever is impossible and that some other means must be found of settling justified grievances when they arise.

Fourth. Machinery must be worked out to remove the inequalities between nations when, through changes in population, etc., these inequalities become so great that, in justice, they must be corrected. Two ways exist to accomplish this result: first, by changing territorial boundaries without war; and, second, by making territorial boundaries less important.

One obvious method of changing territorial boundaries would be to redistribute colonies from time to time among the great powers in proportion to their needs. In the alternative, all colonies capable of self-government should be made independent, and an open-door policy imposed, so that all nations could benefit from them equally.

Turning from the question of change of territorial boundaries to the question of making boundaries less important, a number of possible suggestions occur.

For example, why should not valuable raw materials possessed by some nations to a far greater extent than others, be shared with others so as to equalize the maldistribution of such raw materials, selling them at the cost of production and permitting them to pay for the same by exports?

Should not immigration restrictions be materially modified? For example, does not our present wall against immigration make more difficult the population problem for Italy?

Similarly, should not tariff policies be changed and every effort made in the direction of lower tariffs in order to share markets with other nations?

Similarly, should not currency stabilization be adopted as a means of promoting trade, and should not all nationalistic policies, such as the American gold-devaluation policy, the American silver policy, the Johnson Act prohibition upon loans to countries in default on war debts, etc. be permanently given up?

Those who are satisfied with the *status quo* are always in favor of peace. This does not prove that they are more moral than the rest of the world but merely that they want to keep what they have. We can have peace but only when we are willing, in the words of the late Frank H. Simonds, to pay the Price of Peace.

II—Capitalism Breeds War

by HARRY W. LAIDLER

IN DISCUSSING this question, there is one thing on which all of us can agree: under capitalism, international conflicts have been frequent and disastrous, and there is no immediate prospect of permanent peace. These facts Mr. Seligman will not attempt to deny. However, while admitting the persistence of wars under capitalism, he maintains that there is no causal relation between capitalism and war.

First, he maintains, wars existed before the capitalist era. This, of course, the socialist readily admits. What he maintains, however, is that under capitalism, as under previous systems, powerful social and economic forces are at work leading to international conflicts.

Secondly, Mr. Seligman asserts that socialists base their theory of war under capitalism on the premise that capitalism is decaying. This is not correct. Socialists accept the diagnosis of Mr. Seligman's distinguished father, Professor E. R. A. Seligman, that capitalism passes through at least three stages of development. In the first stage, the capitalists concentrate on the building up of their national industry. In the second period, they have a surplus of manufactured goods which they seek to sell abroad in exchange for raw materials. In the final stage, they have surplus profits which they can invest more profitably in less developed countries than they can in their own land.

The second stage of capitalism gives birth to wars over markets. These wars dotted the pages of history in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the third stage, there occurs a struggle for investment areas, a struggle that often becomes more intense and important "than was the previous competition for the commercial market." England reached the third stage of capitalism in the last half of the nineteenth century; Germany, in the twentieth century. It was the attempt of Germany to "enter the preserves hitherto chiefly in the hands of Great Britain [declares Professor Seligman] that really precipitated" the World War.

Under a declining capitalism, domestic unrest further complicates the international scene. After capitalism passes its zenith, economic insecurity increases, unrest grows, and

the capitalists of a nation frequently engage in imperialistic adventures abroad as a means of diverting attention from the problems at home, as well as of acquiring new sources of economic strength.

Mr. Seligman denies that our capitalist structure is on the decline. We are now, it is true, in the seventh year of the worst depression in our history. Between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 men and women are still jobless throughout the land. But, he asserts, we are on the road to recovery. Therefore, our system is expanding, not contracting. There is nothing, he contends, in the theory that under capitalism the masses are not able to buy a sufficient quantity of goods, and that such underconsumption leads to depressions. It is the lack of *business* spending, not *mass* spending, he asserts, that causes crises.

Space does not permit arguing this question at length. In passing, however, two things may be said:

(1) If one seeks to find out why business fails to spend money to put up more factories and other productive equipment, he will usually discover that business has come to the conclusion that the additional factories will find no market for their goods; in other words, that, because of lack of mass purchasing power, it would be unprofitable to invest more capital in productive enterprise.

(2) Secondly, it may be said that, while Professor Slichter, whom Mr. Seligman quotes as an authority, may agree with Mr. Seligman in his theory of business spending, the Harvard professor utterly fails to share Mr. Seligman's optimism regarding the recuperative powers of capitalism. His discussion on insecurity at the recent meeting of the American Economics Association clearly showed that Professor Slichter strongly suspected that capitalism was on the decline.

In the past, after a major depression, we could settle new lands in the West, build up new portions of the country, and continue our march to the Pacific. We could expand our foreign markets and sell our goods to an ever growing population.

THE FORUM

Our country is now settled. Our foreign markets are ceasing to grow as formerly. Our population is almost at a standstill. Our price system, under conditions of increasing monopoly, is becoming high and rigid. Our debt structure is mounting. Our rapid technological changes are throwing men by the thousands out of work. All of these forces are making for increased insecurity in the days ahead, bringing with it more bitter struggles for survival between the nations of the world.

II

MR. SELIGMAN admits the power of economic forces under capitalism as a stimulus to war. However, he asserts, the same forces would be operative under socialism.

Is this true? I deny it. Take the question of our foreign investments. Today, as Mr. Seligman's father so clearly points out, the scramble for investment areas is back of many of our international difficulties. Capitalists obtain large sums of money that they cannot spend to advantage. They first invest their surplus in American industries. Sources of profitable investment, because of the scant purchasing power of labor, begin to dry up. Capital goes abroad. The investor demands high profits for high risks and then, in case of any disturbance in the undeveloped country where the investment is made, he appeals to his government to assume the risk.

Under socialism, there would be capital to invest, it is true, but most of this capital would be owned by the community, the owner of the essential industries. Income would be distributed not on the basis of ownership but on the basis of ability, industry, and need. Extremes of wealth and poverty would disappear. The capital of the nation would be, to a larger extent than at present, absorbed at home, for labor would be in a position to buy more of the good things of life. No one person would possess great sums of money crying for investment abroad. Investment here or abroad would not be based on the rate of interest obtainable but on the needs and welfare of the many.

The useful workers by hand and brain, not a small group of capitalists, would be in control of the political and economic machinery. In case of war it would be they and their loved ones who would have to make the final sacrifice. An adventure abroad to dominate invest-

ment areas might mean to each of them — if it were successful — a few more dollars in their pockets at the end of the year, but it might also mean injury or death itself. The workers would thus probably decide that the game wasn't worth the candle.

Under socialism, likewise, the problem of relieving a country from the evils of population pressure would not be likely to lead to the same conflicts as at present. Even where a people remained in a comparatively overcrowded country, its condition under socialism would be far better than under the present system. In a planned socialist economy, competitive wastes would be eliminated. The nation's equipment would be utilized to the full.

Where an attempt was made to make a shift to more sparsely developed countries, organized on a co-operative basis, there would be less opposition in the latter countries to such shifts. Today the wage earners seriously object to immigration from abroad. A large influx of wage earners from other lands, it is contended, might seriously depress the labor market. Under socialism, on the other hand, wages would depend primarily on the amount produced, and the incoming of additional workers would have little effect on living standards.

The broad humanitarian program of the Labor and Socialist International and other working-class groups on the question of raw materials, shifts in population, trade and currency relationships are strongly indicative of what might be expected of the workingclass when once it began to socialize industry. And I wish to submit that, under our capitalist system, our business interests have shown little inclination to sweep away the barriers to world peace. Since the War, they have raised rather than lowered tariff walls between the nations. They have ignored the problem of a better allocation of raw materials. They have utterly forgotten their promises to disarm.

As long as international policies are determined by capitalist interests which place profit before human life; as long as, within each country, we are engaged in class warfare and in human exploitation; as long as the motto of our industrial system is "each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," so long it will be difficult, if not impossible, to adopt an international policy that means the abolition of war.

Halfway to Infinity

The Conquest of Space

by **PETER VAN DRESSER**

IDEAS HAVE often been compared to living organisms; they are born, grow, multiply, and die in their season, leaving seeds which in due time germinate in fresh and variant forms. They also may exist in a kind of spore-like state, maintaining life for centuries by seizing upon the minds of a few individuals in each generation and utilizing them as hosts. When an era arrives which provides a congenial psychic and physical environment, they may burst into active and luxuriant growth.

Steel and steam and electricity, pulsing motors and chanting dynamos, power empires and transport networks, voraciously versatile machines and intelligent electrons — this overworld of modern technics, in which matter is made for subjugation and space for conquest, is providing an environment in which one dormant spore idea, charged with enormous potentialities, is slowly coming to life. This idea peers at us out of the works of philosophers centuries, milleniums apart. Lucian, Kepler, Giordano Bruno, many others pose the question: Are there other worlds? And, if so, can we reach them? Some have even proposed ways and means: antique Bishop Wilkins with his flying chariot, Francesca de Lana with his lodestones and his hollow copper spheres.

Such notions have stayed in a dream world of suspended animation, completely lacking the solid sustenance of practical possibility which alone can actualize them. But in the last century we have arrived at the point where we can at least define quite clearly just what this process of actualization requires. The notion of interplanetary travel, to give it its modern title, will entail for its fruition an environment very rich in *velocity, energy, and technical skill*. It need not be remarked that the atmosphere of contemporary life grows increasingly rich in these elements.

To the speculative soul who gazes at the broad and enigmatic disk of the moon, at the ruddy glow that is Mars, or at lucid Venus and asks, "Shall we ever be able to fly to these distant worlds?" it is now possible to answer: "No, we will never be able to fly to them but we may some day be able to *fall* to them."

This disconcerting affirmation is based on the rather complete knowledge of celestial mechanics which modern astronomy has evolved. All bodies of the solar system are, so to speak, in a state of perpetual fall — they are all moving in curves resulting from the interaction of their motions with their mutual gravitational attraction and that of the sun. This is exactly the state which we on earth call falling. It is necessary, therefore, only to impart velocity in the right direction to an object, and it will fall, obedient to gravity, in a calculable curve which may conceivably extend to any portion of the universe.

Accordingly it is possible for a good ball player to impart, by contact with his bat, motion to the ball which will carry it through the arc of an ellipse to just that zone of the outfield which he chooses. It was also possible for gunners during the late war to impart sufficient motion to a projectile to carry it some 30 miles high and 70 horizontally to a predetermined target on the earth's surface. This achievement represents about the present limit of man's power of "animating" inanimate objects with velocity. To extend this principle, to impress motion on projectiles such that they will follow curves leading far above the earth's atmosphere, on into outer space, even to the nearer planets, presents colossal difficulties.

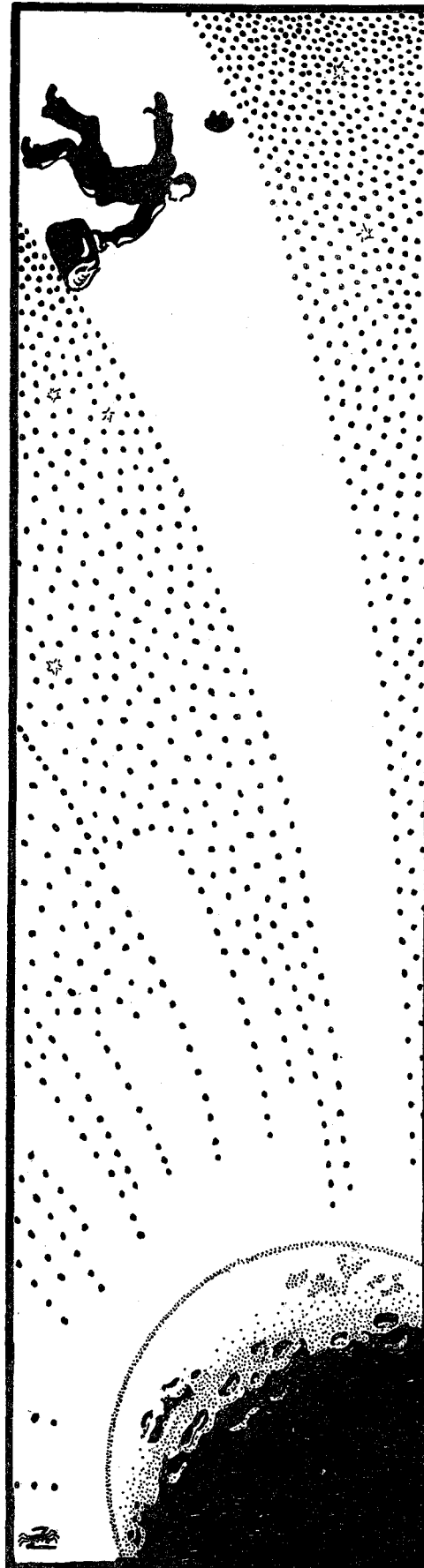
THE WAR AGAINST GRAVITY

THESE DIFFICULTIES have principally to do with energy. All the resources of modern

engineering were required to construct a rifle which would drive a shell fast enough so that its energy of motion would carry it 30 miles upward against the pull of gravity. What chance is there then of firing a projectile with a velocity sufficient to lift it 8,000 times as high, for instance, to reach the moon?

The proposition would be utterly hopeless were it not for the fact that the pull of gravity falls off very rapidly as the distance from earth increases. As a matter of fact, to hurl a given object to the moon (or completely away from the earth in any direction) requires not 8,000 times but only about 130 times the energy required to throw it 30 miles high. The speed at which an object has stored up sufficient kinetic energy to effect this extraterrestrial passage is called the velocity of escape or the parabolic velocity. The latter name comes from the fact that objects moving this rapidly travel always in parabolic curves; at the earth's surface this critical speed amounts to the oft-quoted 7 miles per second.

Seven miles per second is about 6 times the muzzle velocity of the long-range gun miscalled Big Bertha. It is extremely doubtful that any bigger Bertha will ever fire shells this fast, because, aside from constructional difficulties, the very molecules of the most powerful known explosives do not set such a terrific pace. Furthermore, the shell



Designs by Lucile van Dresser

*We can never fly to them
but we may fall to them*

itself would survive as an entity for only a second after it left the muzzle — the heat caused by its passage through the atmosphere would melt and vaporize it. Finally, it is quite impossible that a projectile so fired could carry living beings; the enormous acceleration would utterly destroy them.

The trouble with the cannon idea is, of course, this fact that the total motion must be delivered to the projectile while it is inside the comparatively short barrel. This necessitates tremendously high accelerations and consequently gas pressures and strains and stresses which rapidly grow unmanageable as muzzle velocity increases. It is just at this point that the seekers after new worlds appear on the scene with the latest not-quite-materialized god from the machine age — the superrocket of modern technics, reincarnation of the antique Chinese fire imp, a thousand times magnified, with entrails of fire and thews stronger than steel.

This instrument, it is argued, this self-propelling projectile, can do what no other engine can ever hope to do. Needing no cannon barrel to drive it, carrying its own charge of the most potent of all combustibles, it can drive itself upward at ever increasing speed, high into the rarefied region of the stratosphere and beyond, where even such tremendous speeds as the velocity of

HALFWAY TO INFINITY

escape may be attained without catastrophe.

Because its maximum speed is reached slowly — slowly, at least, compared to that of a gunshot — such a rocket would not be subject to impossible strains. It would, in fact, act as if it were a projectile fired from a cannon miles or scores of miles long, at an acceleration low enough so that mechanisms or even living flesh would be unharmed. The “muzzle velocity” would not be reached until far above the dense air of the troposphere, or lower atmosphere.

There is nothing inherently impossible in this proposition; the primary question is again that of energy. In a given quantity of gasoline (the most typical modern fuel) there is stored sufficient energy to drive its own mass to a speed of nearly 6 miles a second, if utilized perfectly. Assuming an over-all efficiency for a rocket of 25 per cent (which certain considerations indicate may not be impossible), 4 pounds of gasoline would be required to do the work ideally accomplishable by 1. To these 4 pounds must be added approximately 16 pounds of oxygen for combustion, making a total of 20 pounds of energy-bearing substance necessary to propel 1 pound of dead weight to less than the “velocity of escape.” A rocket of this type, then, would have to carry over 20 times its own weight in fuel in order to hurl itself forever away from the earth.

GETTING STARTED

IT IS PRETTY obvious that such an apparatus is not likely to be built. Most “rocketers” admit that a gasoline-powered rocket, driven by the fuel it can carry itself, will never escape from earth’s gravity, though such machines will attain enormous altitudes and be invaluable for research in the upper atmosphere.

Astronauts — would-be navigators of outer space, who are still classed as mildly insane by the world at large — must turn to other, more potent formulas for the creation of kinetic energy. They postulate, first, more concentrated energy carriers or propellants and, second, various plans for applying considerably more power to the propulsion of a rocket than is contained in its own fuel load. For the first desideratum they would substitute liquid hydrogen for gasoline and have even imagined such quintessential energy bearers as mona-

tomic or nascent hydrogen (which at present cannot even be stored).

The second part of the program — increasing the rocket’s speed from outside sources — has been the subject of much ingenious speculation. Rockets may be shot from compressed-air or electric guns; they may be whirled at the periphery of a giant wheel and so flung upward; they may be incorporated in high-altitude airplanes and launched from the substratosphere. Such schemes may prove useful, but the additional speed they create will probably never approach a substantial fraction of the parabolic velocity.

Multiple or step rockets may be built, in which a small primary rocket is carried as the pay load of a large secondary rocket to a great altitude and speed, where it is released to finish the job under its own power. This method begins to talk business; it is conceivable that it lead to the parabolic velocity, especially if 3 steps are used. Since each step, however, is necessarily a small fraction of the weight of the preceding step, the final rocket is but a wee morsel compared to the monstrous machine that leaves the earth’s surface. Oberth has in fact calculated that nearly 6,000 tons of fuel and structure would be needed to drive a 10-ton projectile away from the earth.

STOP THE SHIP!

HOW, ONE may justly inquire, about the return from one of these shots into infinity? Certainly the astronaut plans to make at least a home port of Terra in the interims of interplanetary voyages?

This problem of the return is, in fact, one of the weak spots of the whole astronautical fabric. It is unfortunately just as hard to stop a projectile going 7 miles a second as it is to get it going at this rate in the first place. True, the atmosphere itself may be used as a cushion to slow it down — but only at the price of heating it to incandescence, meteor fashion. True, the rocket motor may be fired in reverse — but this requires just as much fuel as the starting charge, and the energy problem is raised to the second power, where it becomes utterly impossible. At this stage of reasoning it would appear that interplanetary traffic, if it ever comes, is doomed to be strictly a one-way affair.

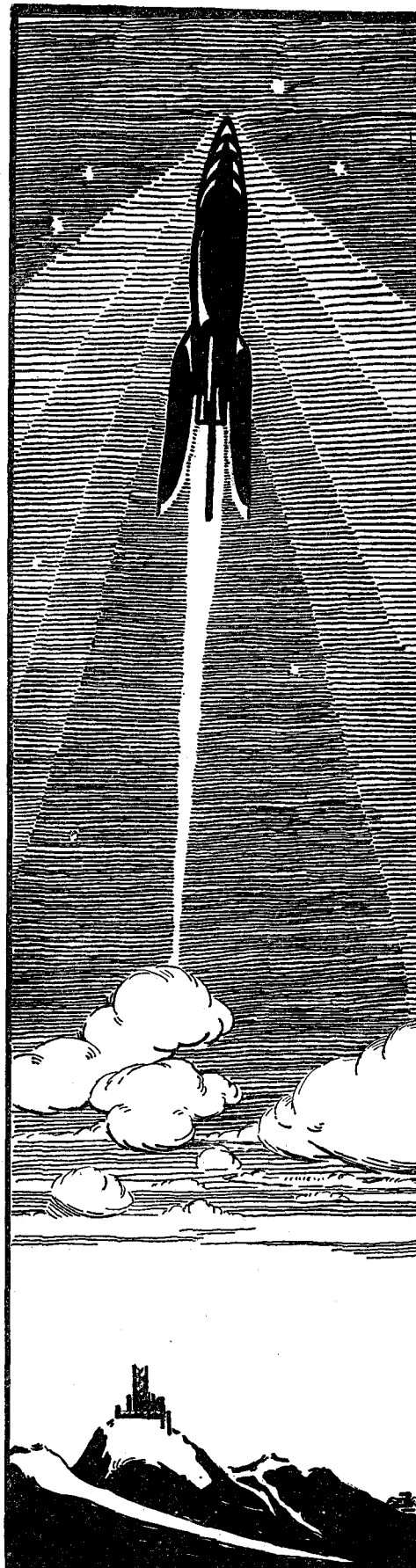
But even this as yet nonexistent bridge has

been crossed, and by a truly brilliant and provocative bit of strategy. In fact, in the present state of speculation, one may say that it is a strategem which alone points a remotely feasible means of realizing the age-old dream of visiting other worlds.

It is not strictly true to say that a body may be hurled permanently away from the earth only if it reaches or exceeds the velocity of escape. Much slower speeds will serve to keep it indefinitely up in the "sky," provided the direction is such that the object becomes a satellite, a miniature moon, bound by the tether of gravity to follow forever a closed orbit around our planet. The speed at which this phenomenon occurs has been called the circular velocity; at an altitude of about 600 miles it amounts to less than 5 miles a second.

A rocket carrying 10 times its own weight in hydrogen and oxygen and burning this mixture with an efficiency of about 25 per cent will reach this velocity. It would be rash to say that such a machine will never be built.

If one is ever built — if the state of the art, as the patent attorney says, is carried to this degree of perfection, the nearer planets will be, figuratively, no farther away than the New World was from fourteenth-century Europe. That is, unless difficulties at present unconceived have shown themselves.



Suppose that rockets have been hurled into the ionosphere

Suppose, then, that by the year 2000 (for the sake of round numbers) rocket research has developed a type of manned projectile able to reach the circular velocity. Suppose that financial miracles have been worked and on the peak of, let us say, Mount Kenia in East Africa (3 miles high and hence above the densest part of the atmosphere) has been established the first space port. Suppose that a railroad has been built up the slope, enormous technical resources have been thrown into the task, and there is constructed the immense launching catapult for space rockets, the powerful gas-liquefying plant, the extensive workshops and laboratories necessary. Suppose that rockets, at first automatically controlled, then carrying human pilots, have been hurled at super-speeds into the ionosphere; suppose that a breed of space navigators has begun to appear on earth.

These things having been done, the time will be ripe for the opening stages of the real attack on space, with its objective that traditionally expressed by Alexander the Great. The first move of the campaign will be the construction of a large and specially designed rocket, which will be piloted by its crew into a carefully calculated stable orbit around the earth, in which it will remain indefinitely, encircling the earth once every hour and three quarters at an altitude of 600 or 700 miles. This pro-

HALFWAY TO INFINITY

jectile, though itself only halfway to infinity, hence infinitely removed from its final goal, will be the Trojan horse by which man breaks through the strongest physical rampart nature has set around him — gravitation.

THE OUTWARD STATION

OBERVE now the ingenious unfolding of the plot. One after another, swift transport rockets hurl themselves outward to make rendezvous with the new satellite. One by one they transfer to it their small cargoes — liquefied gases, structural material, supplies. Workmen clad in airtight suits swarm out through airlocks. Using the satellite rocket as a nucleus, they fabricate about it a great structure — a miniature planetoid, interiorly habitable. Nor does this approximate altogether the impossible, for, “out” there, there will be no weight against which to struggle — a single man can move a girder. There is no rush of wind to beat against the structure, no slightest tremor or irregularity of motion. There will in fact seem to be no motion whatever — only the great globe of earth will rotate far to one side, and the heavens will wheel in awesome encircling magnificence.

Eventually there will be completed this Outward Station, a nearly self-contained world, a tiny atom of a world, within which men may live and work. Its atmosphere will be replenished from stored oxygen and purified by passage through tubes on its darkened hemisphere where carbon dioxide will freeze in the intense cold. Its power and heat will come from great parabolic mirrors set to receive the fierce deluge of unfiltered solar rays. Its exact form is of course unpredictable; this must be evolved under actual working conditions. Perhaps it will be a great aluminum sphere, vacuum-insulated within, set with airlocks and heavy quartz portholes, and subdivided into living quarters, machine rooms, storage chambers, laboratories. Perhaps its interior will be reminiscent of present-day submarines, cramped for space and packed with the mechanical organs necessary to maintain human life in an alien environment. Perhaps other forms will be found better suited, dictated by the need for artificial gravity or other considerations.

Here, then, will be the last outpost of the drive into infinity. When this Outward Station is completed — at what cost in lives and money

it is not worth while to guess — work will begin on the true space ship, the craft that will attempt the voyage to other worlds. Built of materials brought from earth by transport rockets and partaking of the Station’s orbital velocity of 5 miles a second — *hence possessing one half the kinetic energy necessary to overcome gravity* — this ship will be, so to speak, halfway to her goal while still under construction! No sleek and streamlined projectile this, like the rockets which pierce earth’s atmosphere — rather a rotund globe, for maximum structural strength and fuel capacity. In no part of its voyage will it encounter air — therefore the celestial spheres themselves will serve as its pattern.

To trace on its conjectural voyages this space ship, etherdrome, astroplane — whatever one may call it — may stretch imaginations beyond the elastic limit; nevertheless, having imagined this much, the rest follows in the logic of natural philosophy. To drive itself into an orbit reaching to Mars requires a mere 3 miles a second additional — and this against a pull of gravity already lessened to half its value at the earth’s surface. The time of the voyage will be — at the most economical speed — about 8 months. The adventures, mishaps, and achievements of the super-Columbus who pilots it are unpredictable; they will furnish the sagas for a new millenium.

SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE

RANKING at least equally with the technical difficulties to be overcome in this prodigious essay are the financial ones. From what reservoir will come the fabulous streams of credit to support the armies of technicians, engineers, scientists who will carry the assault on gravity? The scientific spirit has attracted money sufficient for 200-inch telescopes, for expeditions to the poles — but such items could be reckoned in the petty cash account of Extraplanetary Explorations, Incorporated.

At every stage of their development, say the visionaries of the age of ether, rockets will pay for themselves. While with clipped wings they soar briefly into the stratosphere (yet far above all present known levels), they will return rich-laden with the secrets of weather alchemy; yet farther into the ionosphere, and they will pierce the utter heart of one of nature’s most mysterious laboratories — the region in which

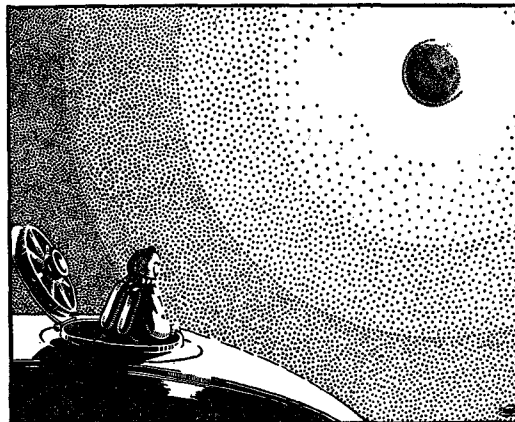
THE FORUM

earth communes with the infinite, in which far-flung terrestrial antennae respond to messages from all parts of the universe. None knows what invaluable knowledge of the structure of matter and magnetism and radiation will be revealed here. Hurling in arcs of ellipses from one point of the earth's surface to another, they will carry mail, express, perhaps even passengers, at speeds rivaling the cable.

When at last the Outward Station, the second moon, wheels through the sky, man will lay his hand on the pulse of nature with Olympian mastery. From the vantage point in the sky, near miracles can be wrought. Vast mirrors of thinnest sodium foil, lighter than water, will be stretched, or floated, in space. Drifting along with the orbital motion of the Station, they may be set in any desired direction, there to remain as imperturbably as the moon itself. They may serve as objectives for telescopes a thousand times more powerful than the largest we now have. They may be directed toward the earth's surface so that every remote mountain pass, every ship at sea, every maturing cyclone, may be studied or watched with minute exactitude. They may be used to reflect sunlight to illuminate areas where for any reason the normal darkness of night is for a time not to be desired. Built large enough — 50 miles in diameter or larger may not be impossible, since there is no weight, with its corresponding structural limitations — they could direct heat in sufficient quantities to give some measure of control over climate and weather. Northern ports could be held free from ice. Ill-timed frosts over agricultural areas could be averted. The technique could be

developed for weakening or changing the courses of incipient hurricanes by judicious heating of neighboring air masses. The same could be done for certain undesirable seasonal winds, by inserting a new factor in the delicate balance of atmospheric elements. The revenue from such services as these, it is argued, should support an ample etheric fleet and finance exploration of the solar system on a truly adequate scale.

Though the fundamental principles behind such speculation are correct, yet the proportions of *ifs* and *supposings* is so high — in other words, so many questions remain to be answered by actual experimentation — that discussion of the subject is at present only a pleasant form of intellectual exercise, quite barren of practical results. In fact, the few engineers and scientists who are carrying on real experiments with rockets are apt to feel that such discussion is positively harmful, because it throws the light of the fantastic on work that is practical and soundly based and directed toward feasible ends. They are convinced that the rocket can be of very great use in the near future — that as a tool for high-altitude research, invaluable to meteorology and many other branches of science, it can contribute greatly to the sum of human knowledge and mastery of environment. But the question of whether rocket ships will ever reach the planets can be even approximately answered only when intensive research has been carried on over many years. "To the stars through difficulties," rightly says the old motto. Whether or not it will ever be fulfilled literally no one is at present qualified to say.



The Best Place to Work

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

HORACE GREELEY has been quoted as saying that he wrote the best editorials of his life while a circus parade, including two brass bands, three elephants, and a calliope, was passing under his windows in the old *New York Tribune* building. Being a gourmand of circus parades, I am afraid that I cannot hope to vie with the late Mr. Greeley's capacity for work, whether good or bad, on such gala occasions. Yet I think I can share his feeling and know what he meant, for of all the places best designed for work — at least to my peculiar way of looking at it — the alleged and generally condemned circus city of New York seems to me to be the pick.

It is now just thirty-two years since I first began to engage in the craft of belles-lettres in New York, and in that city — in fact, in the very heart and core of that city — and in that time I have written my twenty-four books; fashioned millions of words into magazine articles; edited or assisted in the editing of half a dozen different periodicals; composed articles for encyclopedias, symposia, textbooks, anthologies, and God knows what else; syndicated for many years weekly dramatic critiques to newspapers all over the country; and otherwise pursued, for better or worse, the work in life which, also for better or worse, I have cut out for myself. What is more — and this is the point — I have pursued it in perfect peace and entire comfort.

The notion that New York is a combination boiler factory and jazz palace running at full blast twenty-four hours a day, take it from one who has lived in it and worked in it these more than three decades, is a notion maintained chiefly by yokel visitors to the city who spend all of their time on tops of busses or under tables and by those more recent settlers in the city who are unable to get the nostalgic perfume of farm manure out of their nostrils and the theoretical soothing peace of loud frog

croakings, bird chirpings, rooster crows, shutter bangings, stream swishings, cow moosings, duck cacklings, tin-roof rattlings, tree creakings, and other such lush cacophonies out of their ears. Not only may one find in the metropolis the composure and tranquillity necessary to literary labor but one may, too, find there a gratifying lack of all those distractions that tempt one from one's writing desk in the neighborhood of the sea, in the hills and the mountains, in the ambling green countryside, and in other such localities where nature lures the loafing and playing sense that is born deep in every man.

I have tried to work on Sea Island, off the coast of Georgia, that lovely and remote strip of ocean-bound land where my friend O'Neill finds himself able to work on his plays as he cannot elsewhere in the world. But I can't. The broad, smooth, warm, lazy beach and the blue sea are too inviting, and I cannot resist them. And, even if I could, the wash and surge of the waves, penetrating to my work table, would hypnotize me out of concentration. I have tried to work in Switzerland, in the Alps, but I have been unable to. If I have not been out on climbs, I have been looking out of the window. I have tried to work in the cool, green English country, but I have ended up by walking in the irresistible fields and over the irresistible hills. And it has been the same, I have discovered, whenever I have left my quarters on the eleventh floor of a bachelor apartment in West 44th Street, New York.

In that apartment I have now lived for something like twenty-eight years, thus in all probability establishing a residential record for a New Yorker. It is a quiet, old-fashioned apartment, so quiet, indeed, that it is the marvel of my writing friends who, living in the country or elsewhere, have not believed it possible for anyone to find in New York an apartment that did not have the air of a continuous

THE FORUM

performance of *Feuersnot* adapted by George Anthiel to an orchestra composed wholly of tin pans, wash boilers, locomotive whistles, automobile sirens, and foghorns. A bay of three tall windows envelops my writing desk, and through them the sunlight, unimpeded by close, tall buildings, floods my study. What is more and what is better, there is no distracting temptation to look out of the windows, as all I can see if I do look out of them is the broad, flat gray roof of the Bar Association Building a couple of stories below. My rooms, furthermore, are situated between 44th and 43rd streets — the building is an arcade — and thus are spared the noises emanating directly from either thoroughfare.

I challenge anyone to find a better place in which to work.

II

THE THEORY that meditative literary work is impossible or next to impossible in New York must suffer the embarrassment of many contradictory statistics, if the theorists explore their prejudice. From Mark Twain to William Dean Howells, from David Graham Phillips to Theodore Dreiser, from Edith Wharton to Willa Cather, from Scott Fitzgerald to John Dos Passos, we have a record of writers who have been able to produce some of their best work in the midst of the metropolitan life. The best literary magazines are edited in the hurly-burly of New York, and in New York Elinor Wylie, Archibald MacLeish, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Stephen Vincent Benét, and other such poets have contrived to sing many of their sweet songs. Hamlin Garland, Richard Harding Davis, O. Henry and three quarters of the present-day better American playwrights of the younger group, from S. N. Behrman to Clifford Odets, have done much of their best writing in New York. As have essayists and critics like John Macy, Joseph Wood Krutch, Lewis Mumford, and Ludwig Lewisohn; musicians and composers like Walter Damrosch, Henry Hadley, Ernest Schelling, Victor Herbert, Reginald De Koven, Deems Taylor, Jerome Kern, *et al.*; anthropologists like Franz Boas and historians like James Truslow Adams.

A wide variety of writers like W. E. Woodward, Carolyn Wells, Katharine Anthony, Mary Austin, Michael Gold, William Rose Benét, Ben Hecht, Ernest Boyd, Brian Hooker,

Abraham Cahan, Hendrick Willem van Loon, John O'Hara, Elmer Davis, Stanley Walker, Finley Peter Dunne, Montague Glass, Waldo Frank, Max Eastman, Hatcher Hughes, George Philip Krapp, Don Marquis, Fannie Hurst, Edgar Lee Masters, James M. Cain, Carl Van Doren, Albert Shaw, Louis Untermeyer, Robert Underwood Johnson, Mark Van Doren, James Weldon Johnson, S. S. Van Dine, Stark Young, Herbert Asbury, and Clarence Day have arranged their diverse literary performances simultaneously in New York and in presumable comfort. Bruce Barton has even found God in New York!

James Huneker thrived in New York; when in his later years he moved even a relatively short distance away, across the bridge to the further reaches of Brooklyn, he confessed he could do little but guzzle beer and play Chopin. What he needed for critical inspiration was the stone and steel music of Manhattan. Since they left New York to work in remote places, such promising playwrights as Zoe Akins, Arthur Richman, Vincent Lawrence, and Maurine Watkins haven't written a single play that has ranked anywhere near their earlier efforts. Harry Leon Wilson, Gouverneur Morris, and the other writers of their generation who expatriated themselves from New York to California have done little since they sought the lazy land of sun and oranges. In New York there is the endless challenge to work, a constant current of electrical energy that penetrates into even the most quiet and secluded writing room, an invisible but clearly felt flying flag to lead the spirit on.

III

IT OCCASIONALLY takes some resolution, of course, to resist the appeals that a city like New York makes to the lighter side of life. But one can more easily resist a plethora of diversion than a pittance of diversion. When one is conscious that within a stone's throw there is all the machinery of pleasure and gaiety that one might ask for, one doesn't particularly feel like asking for it. It isn't the temptation that is offered by the sporadic and isolated — often the rare — gaiety of the small town. It is the old story of the clerk in the candy store gagging at the sight of candy. Perhaps that was the metaphor behind Greeley's circus parade.

THIS WAS HOME

I often wonder if some of the writers who live in New York or have lived in New York and who have done a lot of their work there are entirely sincere and without posture when they subsequently claim that they can work well "anywhere but in New York" and that the muse starts to operate for them only when they are adjacent to an Ohio glue factory or residing at Provincetown in a shack that hasn't a bathroom. That there are places other than New York where a writer can do his writing to his completest comfort and fullest satisfaction no one, certainly, will deny; there are unquestionably many such places. But the best place for any man or woman's work is generally the

place, whatever it is, where he has lived, lives, and has his home. And that place, for a New Yorker, is New York. It isn't France, as the New York expatriates have discovered and belatedly confessed. It isn't the gashouse district in Chicago or a tepee in New Mexico or a log cabin in the Maine woods, as the remainders on the shelves of cut-rate book dealers richly testify. And it isn't any other place but the place where the old writing desk is, where the old lead-pencil sharpener is screwed onto the window sill, where the painting of grandpa hangs on the wall, and where the old cuspidor is near at hand on top of the complete works of F. Marion Crawford.



This Was Home

*This was home, he knew. The trees went down
The long hill to the ocean, and the sky
Had swans of Summer clouds that never got
In the sunlight's way. They came from some
Strange nest far in the north-northwest and sailed
Out to sea and down behind its wall.
The trees were mostly ones with Winter leaves,
The rocks were full of splintered Winter stars.
It was hot and sweet and cool at once,
And there was nothing on the pasture slopes
But loveliness and order, mullein candles,
Afire all their length, and junipers
With bits of azure sky on them for berries.
There was not a wasted piece of hill,
The ferns touched plume to plume, and birches made
A sound of running water in the wind.
The world was half waxed bayberry and the boom
Of long waves playing organs on the shore.
The houses did their best to fit in well
With sun and sea, they were all square and true,
Cut from paper, incredible and white.
Out on the water every island had
A flower-border of fine waves, and men
Were working there. He saw where seagulls hung
Above the nets and trawls in whirling clouds
Like little Summer snowstorms on the bay.*

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The Wheelbarrow Coolie Follows a New God—II

A Story (concluded)

by ELENA BOCHKOVSKY

VII

BY CHRISTMAS, talk of bandits returned but went unheard, for an epidemic of smallpox had broken out in the village. It had started in the nuns' orphanage. A child had lain ill for three days with very high temperature and ulcerated skin, then had died.

The rice Christians dispersed. They would no longer come to the nuns for gifts of food and medicine and they refused to come to Hou-Zah Mou-Mou for first aid. The parish it had taken months of endeavor to gather vanished overnight. Only the orphans and the unwanted children remained.

The epidemic spread. The joss man said the nuns' huts were haunted by Teou-shen — the Spirit of Smallpox — and no one would use the towpath by the huts. Later there were anti-Christian processions, always instigated by the joss man, always headed by him — a safe distance away. He was having his revenge.

Hou-Zah Mou-Mou watched the alarmed villagers grimly. Then one day she went to the mission priest for advice. When she returned in the evening she found the coolie in the kitchen, undressing Ma-lee and gravely scratching her back for her.

"Mission house do you know?" Hou-Zah Mou-Mou asked him.

"Heh," he said, without looking up; he was holding a flea between index finger and thumb.

"Supposing you take two journeys or more, you can take all the girls to the mission house."

"Ma-lee goes also?" he asked her anxiously.

"Ma-lee is too small; it is a long way," Hou-Zah Mou-Mou said.

"Heh," the coolie agreed with much satisfaction.

"Can you do it or can you not do it?" she asked him.

"Anything I can do," he said modestly, helping the child look for possible fleas amongst her discarded clothing. "Can cook food in your fashion; can

look after Ma-lee; can button her dress properly — supposing not too many buttons" (for he was truthful). And as an afterthought he added: "Can go to the mission house."

Next morning he took with him the first batch of the orphans. They sat, docile, obedient, and silent, back to back in two rows on his wheelbarrow, legs hanging down tidily. A week later he took the unwanted children — the blind girl, the deaf-and-dumb girl, the girl with one leg shorter than the other.

On each trip the coolie was accompanied by Buddha as far as the north-western gate, for whenever anyone connected with the nuns appeared in the streets there would be a low murmur from the terrified villagers. It was Buddha who laughed them out of any active persecution of the nuns and it was Buddha who diplomatically turned the tables against the joss man.

"The spirit of Teou-shen dwells with him," he assured the crowd genially. "Have you not seen it? Do you not know it yourselves to be true talk?" The villagers had not — and did not. But they were silent. Buddha was popular; the joss man was not. Besides, he had been chased out for nonpayment of rent by his landlord, the reader of the horoscopes; they did not know where he was living.

Then Buddha bought several talismans from a Buddhist priest and hung them round his neck for protection against the smallpox. About his stone hut, even on the kitchen utensils he plastered a quantity of protective characters.

The coolie did the same, but his were bought from a Taoist priest with the household money of the nuns, who were too busy now to make trouble for him. They left the hut early each morning and they returned very late at night. They nursed the sick villagers, ignoring the danger of contagion.

As the cold weather advanced, the rains set in. The hut was cold; the kitchen roof leaked. The coolie and the child were always near the kitchen

stove. After the evening meal was cooked and the fire was out, he would seat her on the still-warm clay. From that height she would watch him prepare turnips for the next day, while drops of water would fall into the vegetable basin from the mottled ceiling.

The nuns ate the turnips, which were sometimes nearly raw and sometimes cooked to a messy pulp, and never complained. Food was a small matter. For villagers were dying, in spite of Buddhists' herbal medicines, joss men's incantations, Taoist processions, and the nuns' nursing.

The coolie got used to endless white-clad funeral processions; they became merely a spectacle. He forgot even contagion. So, when the rains passed and bitterly cold but sunny days succeeded, he often went to the street of tinsel paper with the child. He watched young-boy apprentices make silver-paper money, paper sedan chairs, furniture, even utensils for night use — all to be burned at funeral rites so that the departed should have their needs supplied in the next world.

"Ho-leh-si!" one day he admired a paper motorcar ready for a departed official who had not been able to use his real car here below, the village streets being too narrow.

The coolie thought of the rites but not of the dead. For life went on.

Soon, however, there was a new danger. The bandits were cutting off the food supply by surrounding the countryside. They were growing desperate, for neither money nor opium was forthcoming from the general who should have paid them. Now, even turnips were rationed in the nuns' household.

"You eat," the coolie said to the small nun, who would not touch her portion, and he pushed his bowl toward her: "I am accustomed to hunger." She was getting thin; her enthusiasm was acquiring too exalted a tinge. Hou-Zah Mou-Mou was very anxious about her, but she would not take a rest. Even the villagers were concerned. They were again friendly, for did the nuns not

THE WHEELBARROW COOLIE FOLLOWS A NEW GOD

suffer with them and help them, even with the corpses?

Smallpox, threat of famine, bandits everywhere.

Hoping to throw off part of the burden, the people prepared a procession, encouraged by the joss man, who was eager to recover his face and his custom. He ordered to be made secretly a statue of Teou-Shen, which was placed one morning in a boat strung with flags. He himself sat beside it among the musicians.

"I found it in the dwelling of the black virgins!" he shouted to the crowd on the towpath.

"He talks lies!" the coolie yelled with great contempt. "Virgins do not want our gods! They have their own gods! Their gods are not friends with our gods. They cannot dwell together!" For he had not forgotten his first Communion day. He felt his assertion carried conviction. Only, no one was listening to him.

The boat was already being rowed along the canal to the beating of cymbals and incantations of Buddhist and Taoist priests who surrounded the statue. The villagers followed along the towpath. And with them marched the coolie. They passed village after village where the peasants yelled and threatened and even threw stones to prevent the boat from stopping, for they did not want the Spirit of Smallpox in their area. There was nothing to do but continue.

By afternoon, the musicians were listless, and the people weary, but they marched on and on. The sun was low in the sky, and still they trudged on, foot-sore and hungry.

In the evening they reached barren soil near the hills. This was bandit-infested area, but they dreaded Teou-Shen more than they dreaded the bandits. They had seen the work of Teou-Shen; they had not seen the work of bandits. Here, as the sun was sinking like a motionless lantern of red which gave out no heat, the joss man set Teou-Shen on fire. Yellow canal, orange flames, red lantern suspended in the uniformly gray sky, dark figures of the huddled villagers on the bank watching, hoping — and with them watched and hoped the coolie.

VIII

WHEN HE reached the village late that night he went straight to the local pagoda, for the small nun was lying on her bed, possessed of an evil spirit. He must help. The gate of the pagoda was locked for the night, so he tapped on the door let into one of its age-old planks. A small watch window was immediately opened above him, and the keeper

thrust his head through it. The coolie demanded the loan of a popular deity much in demand during epidemics.

"You have money?"

The coolie had not. The keeper, head inflated by the importance of his position in the past weeks, shut the window in a manner which forbade further discussion, leaving the coolie outside in the cold under the stars.

There he squatted and stared before him dazed with fatigue.

The virgins had no use for talismans. . . . They saw no virtue in any of these things. But proper medicine he must

not waver in his purpose. After half an hour's incoherent pleading and arguing with the vegetable vender, they went together to the pagoda and knocked on the door. When the pagoda keeper's head appeared in the watch window, the vegetable vender, in his mission of go-between said: "Lend him the god. The matter is urgent." As the keeper made a movement to close the window he added hurriedly: "He is number one friend of Buddha who keeps watch at the south-east gate. Buddha has much power."

The pagoda keeper, disappearing behind the window, scratched his head. He



Linoleum blocks by Lowell Balcom

have. Hou-Zah Mou-Mou had no more foreign-style medicine to give the small nun. Medicine he must have. . . .

He sat there motionless, waiting patiently for a solution to present itself. When he had grown very numb with cold, he struggled to his feet and went in search of the vegetable vender, whom he found in a cookshop, gambling with his friends.

The smell of freshly cooked noodles made the coolie's head swim, but he did

sipped a cup of green tea in his office, then lifted his leg on to a cherry-wood table and rewound his ankle band more securely round his white sock. After that he decided to lend out the deity and went down the spiral stairs in complete darkness to open the door to the waiting men.

Two poles back and front, and on the platform, in between, the painted, bulging, grinning statue of the god. The coolie and the vender carried it along

THE FORUM

narrow, silent alleyways between shuttered dwellings. Now and again they paused, for the way was long, and the god was heavy. At last they reached a medicine shop.

A twelve-year-old apprentice, who kept vigil all night long on his stool beneath a ceiling oil lamp, watched them gravely as they carried the god slowly round the room. Once they hesitated before a counter, then again resumed their ceremonial march. The coolie's patience was inexhaustible, but the vegetable vender's interest in the matter was not vital. He was getting only twenty-one-per-cent interest on the money he had promised to lend the coolie under the threat of losing his custom. Before long he stopped at the main counter and declared in a cross voice that the god suddenly had grown very heavy, so the right medicine must be there.

The coolie examined the phials gravely. Water. He did not remember water. He turned and looked questioningly at the god; but the god grinned and bulged and stared into unknown space. No. Not water.

Then he came upon some crystallized powder and again turned to the god. Just then, as the owner of the shop came in, a gust of wind from the opened door swayed the oil lamp. It threw weird shadows on the god, whose head seemed to incline, as though agreeing with the coolie's choice. Whereupon the owner trebled the price of the crystallized powder, and the vegetable vender paid.

When, an hour and a half later, the coolie returned to the kitchen, he devoured his cold rice, which he found in the dark, as it took time to light a candle. He rolled himself up in his quilt, huddled against the nuns' door, and listened to the evil spirit talking nonsense within the small nun. She was slightly delirious, for in her run-down condition she had caught a touch of pneumonia.

He felt afraid. Even Ma-lee was many li away in a big house where Hou-Zah Mou-Mou had bade him take her on account of the evil spirit. He felt lonely; Ma-lee away, virgins in their sleeping chamber never coming out. He felt insecure. He stretched a hand for the comfort of his wheelbarrow, but it was outside in the cold. In his other hand he was tightly grasping, when he fell asleep, the packet of medicine. It had not occurred to him to offer it to Hou-Zah Mou-Mou at once — she was very short when disturbed at night.

To his relief, she did not refuse the medicine in the morning but asked an erudite pork butcher to interpret the characters on the packet. It was quinine.

In the days that followed, she did not leave the bedroom. And the coolie squatted or lay huddled in his quilt behind their door and would not move except when cooking.

"Not smallpox," he assured Buddha, who called nearly every day. "Teou-Shen is burned; smallpox is gone."

"Hei," Buddha agreed as cheerfully as ever; for after the burning of Teou-Shen the village had been swept by bitterly cold, dry winds which cleansed and purged. "Ma-lee not yet returned?" he inquired by way of conversation. "She still dwells with fat woman of many courtyards and as many Pekingese dogs?"

"Heh. To avoid evil spirit." The coolie was pensive. He chewed up some garlic, then continued resentfully: "Fat woman possesses lazy servants. Of no value. I cannot look properly after Ma-lee, lo?"

Before Buddha left, he put two green cabbages into the vegetable basin — into which fell the water from the cracked ceiling. He came nearly every day and he always brought something.

For Buddha had friends everywhere, even amongst the bandits. He cheerfully smuggled opium, out of a private supply, to their headman. They returned the compliment by sending him fresh vegetables collected from the terrified peasants whose villages lay near the hills.

The old parishioners now came often to the hut. They squatted on the kitchen floor and shook their wet clothes, for the rainy weather continued; and solemnly they advised Hou-Zah Mou-Mou to hire a joss man for the small nun.

"The evil spirit has gone elsewhere," the coolie informed them one drizzly morning, and in fact the small nun now lay calm in her bed. "Maybe the virgins' gods are also efficacious," he suggested doubtfully.

Overhearing this remark, Hou-Zah Mou-Mou spoke of God and of the way of the cross. But the villagers laughed good-naturedly and would not listen. Were their own gods not efficient? Ceremonies before Pan-Shen, he who cures the smallpox, had produced excellent results. Many were now kowtowing to Ma-Shen, he who is a specialist for marks left by the disease.

IX

WHEN HOU-ZAH MOU-MOU came into the kitchen early that afternoon to prepare *kounji* rice for the invalid, she looked at the empty vegetable basin — it was weeks since they had been cut off by the bandits from the mission house, and their money had given out. She remembered that a stout Christian had tapped on the bedroom window that

morning and had shouted that the missionary priest had been seen in the village. So Hou-Zah Mou-Mou said to the coolie: "Supposing you go and find the Reverend Father. Talk to him of our trouble. If our extremity is known, help will come."

The coolie obediently struggled into his topmost blue-cotton-padded jacket and went out into the cold and rain. But he found the church gate locked, the church veiled in mist. The rain-washed cobblestones glistened in the deserted courtyard as lamps were lit at the close of the short winter's day.

"The joss man in black clothes feared the bandits," a friendly grain merchant, whose establishment was next to the church, explained to him, "so he has gone in plenty of hurry by way of north-western route. You say the mission is on that route? Maybe so. I do not know." The coolie was silent, his shoulders hunched, his hands thrust far into his sleeves, and he contemplated the half-full sacks of grain arranged in rows under the fluted shed.

"For what reason he feared the bandits?" His voice was even, but in his heart was fear. A curious crowd had gathered about him.

"There is a plot to kidnap him for high ransom," a bystander put in. Others confirmed it.

The coolie returned to the nuns. With slow deliberation he spread his padded jacket to dry before the kitchen stove. At last he spoke.

Hou-Zah Mou-Mou listened and looked grim but said nothing. She thought, however, that so long as the rains lasted there was no real danger from the bandits. They did not like getting wet any more than anyone else. For, though it was said they used foreign-style guns, their only protection against the rain lay in their oil-paper umbrellas.

But the bandits had left the hills and were coming nearer every day in spite of the rain, she was told that evening by a widow who brought some stale rice and cabbage. The old woman sat on the kitchen floor and rocked to and fro, lamenting loudly; she wiped her old eyes with her long sleeves, thus disarranging her black-cloth coronet, above which her scalp showed pink through thin white hair.

The bandits were levying taxes on all villages on their route, said an old man one day as he held a listless chicken by its legs. But the peasants could not pay, he said. The local general had already taken all they had. There would be plenty trouble from the bandits — ayia . . . there would be plenty bad days. He was a very old man; he had

THE WHEELBARROW COOLIE FOLLOWS A NEW GOD

seen famine, flood, wars — “I have knowledge,” he said, and went away, very dejected.

He left the chicken with the coolie. He could not really spare it, but had Hou-Zah Mou-Mou not come to the bedside of his only grandson, who lay as one dead and convulsed into the image of a devil? And had she not massaged him for many hours — till he became alive again?

The starving chicken was too weak to struggle, even under the coolie's knife. As he was plucking its bedraggled feathers, one of the numerous retainers of the wealthy Catholic dowager with whom Ma-lee had been left came in carrying the child.

“My lady goes south to escape the bandits,” she said, seating the child on the table. “We all go,” she continued. “According to her orders I bring back the lass.”

The small nun took the child in her arms. “The Sacred Heart of Jesus will have mercy on us,” she said timidly, thinking of the bandits.

“If the general is not merciful,” the retainer retorted, opening the door to go out, “blood will run down the streets before many days.” And, because she disliked the “interfering virgins” and thought them foolish and conceited for thinking their statues to be superior to those in the temples, she turned in the doorway and said: “Wait for your god to be merciful! You will be killed like pigs by the bandits!” And she banged the door, thus keeping her reputation of “revile-the-streets.” She never gave anyone an opening for the last word.

The coolie squatted with the corpse of the chicken and stared meditatively at the closed door. Then he went to see his friend Buddha. As the light was failing, Buddha was already preparing his night-cap, rolling the opium between his fingers, trimming a new wick for the opium lamp. “Hei-ho!” he said by way of greeting.

“The virgins must positively go,” the coolie stated solemnly.

“What side?”

“Mission house.”

“Cannot. Too late,” said Buddha cheerfully, and offered him some garlic.

“Bandits will kill the virgins and Ma-lee; they will kill me,” the coolie said, chewing the garlic. And remembering the retainer he added: “Like black pigs.”

“Not so,” said Buddha, who knew that the nuns were safe. “Why you fear?” he inquired cheerfully.

“Bandits,” said the coolie.

“This town will not be molested.” Buddha had had a conference with the bandits’ go-between that very morning.

Besides, he had the politics of both sides on his finger ends. He knew that the general would pay the bandits.

But the coolie did not. He was silent and refused a further offering of garlic.

“I do not fear,” said Buddha. To make the question of bandits even more unimportant, he spoke of Ma-lee. “I have one brother in Szechwan Province. My brother is rich. He has a son of the same age as the small lass. I will make arrangements to betroth her to him.”



The coolie was immediately interested. He accepted the garlic and warmed his hands contentedly over the brazier. Indeed a very suitable match for Ma-lee! But he was not yet quite reassured.

“I hear much walla-walla in the market streets . . . there is fear of kidnapping?”

“Hei,” said Buddha. “The only fear from bandits.”

“Virgins?”

“Hei.” He lit the opium lamp and offered its pipe to the coolie, who made

himself comfortable on Buddha's bed with it. “The virgins are very tempting,” Buddha continued, “because the mission has plenty money to buy them back.”

The coolie smoked his pipe without any pleasure, for the first time.

Next morning, as soon as he had finished cleaning the ordure buckets at the canal, he came to Hou-Zah Mou-Mou.

“It is time, lo!” he said. “I ought to walk to the mission house. You all sit on my wheelbarrow. I will push you.”

Hou-Zah Mou-Mou went on transforming the kitchen into school, removing the cooking utensils from the table, which must now serve as desk. She knew that only a few children whose mothers wished to do the housework in peace might come.

“A letter was sent a few days ago to the mission house,” she said. “Orders will come. We must wait.”

X

A LETTER was characters — like newspapers, the coolie ruminated. Of no value. Good only to wrap peanuts in. He grunted his contempt of all characters. He felt that no good could come through something that even Hou-Zah Mou-Mou did not understand.

He struggled into all of his wardrobe and went out. Passing his wheelbarrow he patted it, hesitated, then walked on. He knew he could get to the mission house and back in double the time without it.

He noticed that the market streets were strangely deserted. Everything was hushed; everything was still. The shops were closed. The people sat behind shuttered and barred doors, awaiting fate. Even the wonks had gone to cover. The coolie felt awed. He stopped the first man he met — a cobbler.

“What hurry?” he began, by way of leading up to many questions.

“The bandits are along the northwestern route,” the cobbler said over his shoulder, without stopping.

The coolie walked on. But he felt there was no energy in his legs. When he reached the northwestern gate, he found it barred. A line of the general's sentinels, fully armed, stretched as far as he could see. The gatekeeper challenged him, then laughed at him, saying: “Will tomorrow suit?” For the bandits were not yet in town; one could still make jokes.

The coolie turned and trudged back the length of the barred and shuttered town. When he reached the hut, he would not go inside. Squatting beside the wheelbarrow under the leaden sky, he stared at the canal, at the winter gray reflected in its yellow waters. His

THE FORUM

face was expressionless; in his heart was dread. . . . Bandits — the great disaster; he felt the catastrophe was sure to come. The general — beheading. . . . Beheading was quick. By evening he had decided that beheading was preferable to the bandits.

The coolie struggled to his feet. He knew that the general lived near the northwestern gate. It was bitterly cold. The coolie hunched his shoulders, drew in his head, and walked with a shuffling gait. Within himself he was a suffering carcass. The general's wall was high, and its fluted roof was spiked, for defense against everyone.

"Who are you?" a sentry challenged him, and leveled his bayonet at him.

The coolie was at a loss. Then he remembered the formula which the vegetable vender had used at the pagoda. "I am a friend of Buddha. The matter is urgent," he announced.

The sentry hesitated and consulted the others. "You bring a proper document with a seal?" he finally asked.

The coolie shook his head. "I come to speak."

The sentry was impressed. He sent a messenger within. Time passed.

At last a soldier came. "Walk before me!" he said, leveling his gun at him.

They walked through courtyards cut by many walls; through doorways of octagonal, circular, and oval shapes; along carved, curved bridges over the water gardens, till they reached a stone building tightly shuttered. Two soldiers appeared from nowhere and began to question him.

"Outside is what man speaking?" suddenly an authoritative voice demanded in the dark. A mysterious figure came out of a side door and stood motionless in an oblong opening in a nearby wall.

"He comes as messenger from Siao-fou; by word of mouth," said one of the soldiers, making an attempt to click together his cloth-shod feet.

"He has no gun, no knife; he is a coolie," another added contemptuously.

"Bring him within!"

The coolie felt dazed with a sense of unreality. He followed the three soldiers and the dark figure into the building and into a large room where heavy chairs with marble-inlaid backs stood in rows, where tables were painted red, where paper scrolls with huge black characters hung on walls, where burning oil lamps lit up the general's figure. Dressed in a foreign-style uniform of mud color, with two rows of medals on his chest, the general was puny and unhealthily pale.

"Buddha sends words?" he asked. A message from Buddha must be important; Buddha was on friendliest terms

with the bandit headman. The coolie suddenly fell upon his knees, prostrating himself.

"Do not kowtow," the general said, gazing down dispassionately upon the coolie. He must reassure the laborer. "We two men do not grasp mud." But even this statement that the coolie need not stand on ceremony failed to produce speech from him.

The general knew the town was safe. For he had already dispatched the necessary sum of money to the bandit headman; he could not afford to endanger his prosperous, tax-yielding town. It was not expedient to fight the bandits. He needed all his soldiers for the half-yearly battle against the Szechwan Province general, as soon as the cold weather passed. The bandits were well aware of this, so they were pillaging the villages. He could do nothing — the villages were not worth defending; they were poor. The message must be about that matter.

"The virgins . . . the virgins. . . ." The coolie began quite unexpectedly to wail, kowtowing to the floor. "Ma-lee . . . take my head — I am only one useless coolie. . . ."

The general was mildly surprised.

"You are guilty of doing crime?"

The coolie shook his head, continuing to kowtow. The general lost patience. He ordered the three soldiers who were within earshot to remove the laborer and to question him.

The coolie was more at his ease with them — they were rough; they were rude; they behaved as he knew all soldiers behaved. The matter was elucidated, and when the general, still curious, came into the waiting room one of the soldiers said: "The laborer kidnapping for his women by the towpath in a mud dwelling; also for his girl child."

"Not so; not my women," the coolie denied. "Virgins." To make the matter clearer he added: "They kowtow before foreign-style statues in foreign style. But there is no evil in them . . .," he begged.

Whereupon the general understood and slapped his foreign-style trousered legs in a very Japanese fashion. He knew all about the nuns.

"They interfere plenty!" he said. They meddled in everybody's affairs; they confused the people. They were a responsibility. If they were kidnapped by the bandits, he would have to send out some soldiers — for show pidgin — otherwise he would lose face. Otherwise there would be bother. Their mission had sent suchlike women to his territory three times in five years — truly stubborn. And all the way from Kiangsu Province — a long way away. This was

an excellent occasion to send them back. He had become the general of his province by never losing an opportunity.

XI

TALK TO OFFICER LIN," he said to his gray-clad soldiers who slouched nearby. "I order mules. Tell him to go with the laborer and mules. Tell him to escort his women and child. My orders: they must go back to Shanghai. My orders: tell him to talk to Siao-fou to escort the caravan beyond the bandit area. If Siao-fou goes, everybody is safe." To the coolie he said weightily: "The orders are for their safety. If disobeyed, the bandits will kidnap them." For he remained the general of his province by exercising much shrewd diplomacy.

While the coolie, overcome with gratitude, was kowtowing his humble thanks, the general composed a document. He wrote the characters with his pale-blue fountain pen in green swan ink, for he had adopted European customs.

Officer Lin was found gambling. The mules were saddled. The still air soon rang with the echo of their hooves beating on the ancient granite pavement of the narrow alleyways. The stone dwellings on either side formed a continuous lifeless wall. The inhabitants were within, behind their homemade barricades. Even the nuns had erected wooden shutters.

Officer Lin, duly impressed with the importance of his mission, opened the door unceremoniously, and he read out the general's command to the nuns, who were in the kitchen with the child.

"It is the will of God," said Hou-Zah Mou-Mou. "We shall obey." She knew from experience that to go against the wishes of a ruling general was useless. Very hastily she began to pack.

A potato basket was tied to a mule for Ma-lee. She sat in it holding her empty bowl and chopsticks to her breast; Officer Lin rode beside her, leading an extra pony; the nuns followed on mules; the coolie trotted behind his wheelbarrow in the rear.

Buddha was awakened. He stood in his nether garments listening sleepily to Officer Lin.

"Excellent!" he said with a fat yawn. "But it is wasting a night's time. Virgins will come again from Kiangsu — I know." And he yawned again genially.

He dressed in a leisurely manner, found a new torch at last, selected a good supply of opium without undue hurry, while they all waited patiently in the cold and darkness of his courtyard, then mounted the extra pony and rode in front of the caravan.

Beyond the gates in the far distance

THE WHEELBARROW COOLIE FOLLOWS A NEW GOD

the sky browned, then reddened, and now and then it was spluttered with flames where the bandits were about their business of burning, looting, murdering.

Along the towpath the only sound was the beating of the hooves and the squeaking of the wheelbarrow. Frequently the caravan was challenged by bandit sentries swooping out of the dark.

"Buddha rides with friends!" he would shout quite cheerily. A few involved sentences of explanation, and they would be allowed to ride on.

At dawn they came to the boundary line, the bandit stronghold, through which no lay person might pass. Men huddled round a dying campfire beyond a narrow, shallow, frozen creek. Some struggled to their feet and fired in the direction of the caravan; the bullets traveled overhead into graying distance.

Buddha sighed, got off his weary pony, and lighted his torch, but not with unseemly haste. A torch flared up in reply. An indistinct figure laid a narrow plank over the creek, and Buddha walked across it, still bearing his torch flaming against leaden skies.

After Buddha and the bandits bowed to each other a sufficient number of times and exchanged news; after Buddha, in response to a complaint about the general's stinginess, promised his support and backing in the next payment; after he offered them the gift of opium he had brought and they begged him to accept some very rare tea, he remembered his mission.

"In the matter of the virgins," he said, casually pointing in their direction with his torch. "Orders are to escort them beyond occupied territory. Ayia, they are plenty trouble. True, they know tales of valor, but the tales are all old. They go away by order of the general to learn new ones."

When he returned, the coolie was squatting to be nearer to the ground, in a dumb contentment — the feel of the long, long road again.

"I have made arrangements," Buddha

said to Hou-Zah Mou-Mou. "There will be no molesting. Now I go back." Then he shook his own hands, clasped together, at the same time bowing to the nuns. "See you plenty soon," he said politely by way of good-by, and gave a parting gift of some first-grade opium to his friend the wheelbarrow coolie.

Under one arm he held his torch, under the other a scroll petition to the general from a very able ex-officer now a bandit but who wished to be taken back into the army; between him and the pony's head there was a huge bundle containing clothing and food for an impoverished villager whose relative was a bandit; between his fingers he had a Buddhist rosary — and still he managed to hold the bridle without dropping anything. And still he exuded good will to all, though in the morning light his chins sagged a little. Turning his pony round he rode away.

XII

THE CARAVAN again began its journey over the dreary barren area. There was no molestation of any kind from the bandits. When they reached a village on the main postal route, Officer Lin found a willing cart driver, gave the nuns a few dollars, and turned back.

By afternoon everything was ready for the many days' ride. Even the wheelbarrow was hoisted onto the cart.

The nuns, the coolie, the child, the driver were shaken along the road all day long, day after day. And, while dry brown dust settled all over them, they huddled together, because it was bitterly cold.

They traveled on and on — due south. They stopped only for food, which the villagers brought to their cart. They slept in village inns and sometimes with hospitable peasants.

Before they reached Shasi, the small nun was pallid, and the child began to vomit — she could no longer stand the incessant shaking. Even the coolie felt unwell. They were all relieved when they finally reached the shore of the Yangtze.

Here a friendly missionary made arrangements for them to travel by boat. Once more the coolie and his wheelbarrow were on the lower deck, and he squatted behind a barricade of sacks filled with cotton waste to catch the stray bullets from the shore.

At Hankow they changed for a Shanghai-bound lower Yangtze steamer, and one morning soon after dawn they reached Yangtzepoo. In Shanghai the nuns crossed the still, deserted streets in rickshas, while the coolie trotted behind with his wheelbarrow.

And as the China New Year's Day sun rose coldly over the Zi-Ka-Wei village, he saw the convent door open once more and the nuns disappear within, carrying Ma-lee.

All was deserted and still. The coolie squatted by his wheelbarrow in the little courtyard. His bundle now contained a Buddhist rosary and a crucifix, besides his household gods and *Vogue* advertisements, but he was hungry. In his pocket near his stomach was just the one cash. He squinted at the sun, grunted, and decided to follow the aged French priest who passed through the gateway. The priest refused to ride his wheelbarrow. But a rice merchant gave him a few coppers.

On warm days, his back against the whitewashed wall, he would squat on the flagstones as before and gaze at the deserted parlors. But he never saw Ma-lee or the nuns again. Ma-lee was as yet too young to file out for a walk with the older orphans, and the nuns had been sent to a far district to convert new parishioners.

On days when he happened to pick up a fare, he would squat and doze peacefully in the sun and forget the rheumatism in his legs, but, when pushing and balancing his wheelbarrow laden with baskets of cement — a burden too heavy for human strength — over li of dusty roads in the broiling heat of the day for less than the price of a meal, he could no longer wonder if life were easier in his native village.



A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America



FORTY POETRY BOOKS

(Continued)

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN WOMEN
POETS (Harrison, \$3.00).

This is an extraordinary exhibit of the competence attained by American women in writing poetry. One thousand, three hundred eleven living women are represented in this volume, and probably as many more of equal merit are omitted.

THE POEMS OF ELLIOTT COLEMAN
(Dutton, \$2.00).

These are sonnets and lovely lyrics about the accepted symbols of culture and often those of historic Christian faith.

OFF THE RECORD, by Willard N. Clute (Butler University, \$1.00).

These are gay nature verses, whimsical observation of dandelions, bees, and cows.

SOLITUDE AND MYSTERY, by Richard P. Leahy (Putnam, \$2.00).

Mr. Leahy's philosophical verse is solid but lucid — though sometimes strained.

WINTER BIRD SONG, by Grace Buchanan Sherwood (published by the author, 113 Sixth Street, Garden City, N. Y., \$1.50).

This is radiant nature verse of deep emotion controlled in tranquility.

THE HERMAPHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS, by Samuel Loveman (Caxton, \$2.00).

Here are lyrics spare of means but glowing with tensile strength.

SNOW COVERED WAGONS, by Julia Cooley Altrocchi (Macmillan, \$2.50).

This is an epic of the tragic Donner party in the California gold rush. It is written in a brusque, irregular verse of accents, sometimes with assonance, often with rhyme.

LOVES AND LOSSES OF PIERROT, by William Griffith (Humphries, \$1.25).

Charm and graciousness always accompanied the late William Griffith. They stir the emotions lightly and steady us to endure the pangs of outrageous fortune.

Marianne Moore

An Appreciation

by MAY LEWIS

READERS of Marianne Moore's highly individual, pungent poetry require no encouragement, nor does the following attempt a critical or technical estimate of her art. That has been ably done by T. S. Eliot in his introduction to her *Selected Poems*. Incidentally, the very word *selected* might be used as a keynote to her work, who speaks in *Octopus* of "a public out of sympathy with neatness. Neatness of finish! Neatness of finish!" who says in *Critics and Connoisseurs*, "There is a great amount of poetry in unconscious fastidiousness," and in *Picking and Choosing*, "Words are constructive when they are true; the opaque allusion — the simulated flight upward — accomplishes nothing."

This article aims merely to be a guidepost to those as yet unfamiliar with her art or to the newcomer, to whom her poems might well present the aspect of a thorny thicket difficult to penetrate. Nowhere, indeed, will her reader find that velvet lawn outspread, on which indolently to recline, that gentle slope studded with daffodils that in the minds of many still constitute the proper domain of poetry. Only let him observe with patience the briary thicket, noting the polish of the slender thorns, their unusual and lovely colorings; let him watch intently, divesting himself of preconceived ideas, and the thorny hedge will burst into flower beneath his eyes: birds will rise from it, and underneath will go scurrying a world of living creatures. Above the difficult, patterned words he will perceive delicate pagodas of thought, the peaked roofs adorned with little bells of rhyme. As he mounts the intellectual structure he will find, suddenly, a door to emotion flung open through which he may enter, in his own awakened right, and continue on and on.

II

UNDoubtedly, one of the important functions of poetry is to reveal beneath surfaces a hidden reality, to freshen vision, to arouse wonder. It might almost be said in this respect that

in a group are telescope, microscope, and poet.

In an age of speed when no thoroughfare may be crossed at leisure, we are debarred, by modern tempo, from close observation and are more or less forced to form the habit of seeing superficially, rapidly, and coarsely — coarsely in the sense in which machine-made lace is crude compared to that of hand-wrought fineness. All about us much is overlooked, those small things which, if beheld vividly in the floodlight of the imagination, are a true embellishment and ornamentation of existence. It is this world that Marianne Moore restores to us but it is not an insignificant world; her objects project long philosophical shadows. She looks at life with the ecstatic detachment of a scientist and presents her observations in an amazing relation to the universe, where large or small becomes illusive measurement.

In old illuminated manuscripts one finds, beyond the solemn text and carefully wrought religious picture, those joyous margins where a world that could not be quite shut out overflowed in a wealth of fruit and flowers, of little animals and trinkets — a monkish form of praise for the superabundance of creation.

There is something of this quality in Marianne Moore's work, in her power of seeing minutely and her delight in feeling through observation — feeling that is strong but always shaped, restrained, and expressed under austere intellectual control. Her style is not an affectation but of an indelible sincerity. The frequent quotations are honestly inserted as such, and there is a frank list of references. In the quick grasp of her mind, the quoted phrases are used as another would employ a single word, aptly placed, to effect meaning. T. S. Eliot says of her: "We all have to choose whatever subject-matter allows us the most powerful and most secret release; and that is a personal affair. The result is often something that the majority will call frigid; for to feel things in one's own way, however intensely, is likely to

Marianne Moore

look like frigidity to those who can only feel in accepted ways."

Under the cold lines there is tender and noble feeling, insight into human nature, a love of the animal world. She can speak compassionately:

... like Pilgrim having to go slow
to find his roll; tired but hopeful —
hope not being hope
until all ground for hope has
vanished; and lenient, looking
upon a fellow creature's error with the
feelings of a mother — a
woman or a cat.

And, in the same poem, how well she understands the spirit of the hero:

It is not what I eat that is
my natural meat,
the hero says. He's not out
seeing a sight but the rock
crystal thing to see — the startling
El Greco

brimming with inner light — that
covets nothing that it has let go.

This then
you may know as the hero.

Her elephant, whose skin has been
"cut into checkers by rut upon rut of un-
preventable experience," says proudly:

... Black
but beautiful, my back
is full of the history of power, Of
Power? What
is powerful and what is not? My
soul shall never

be cut into
by a wooden spear;

She reveals the courage of her Frigate
Pelican:

But he, and others, soon
rise from the bough, and though flying
are able to foil the tired
moment of danger, that lays on heart
and lungs the
weight of the python that crushes to
powder.

These, unturbulent, avail
themselves of turbulence to fly —
pleased
with the faint wind's varyings,
on which to spread fixed wings.

Her pigeons in a recent poem in
Poetry are touching and heroic —
"Modesty cannot dull the luster of the
pigeon," she says, and instantly, in that
phrase, we behold the meek, shining
bird or the war carrier pigeon:

Mocker with one eye
destroyed, delivering his dispatch
to his superiors;

Superiors! That one word so con-
densed and ironic in its understatement.

In *The Octopus*, which is an ava-
lanche, an icy mountain of snow, she
gives in dazzling detail flora and fauna
— a descriptive picture far excelling

even D. H. Lawrence's superb treatment
of a similar subject in *The Captain's Doll*.
She shows us how:

... farther up, in stag-at-bay posi-
tion
as a scintillating fragment of these
terrible stalagmites,
stands the goat,
its eye fixed on the waterfall which
never seems to fall —
an endless skein swayed by the
wind. . . .

Marriage, to mention a poem of dif-
ferent type, with its ironic, incisive
comments, its sparkle of humor, must
be read in its entirety to be appreciated.

But it is in *Camellia Sabina* that she
demonstrates the poetry that exists in,
that can be distilled from, names in
themselves; her delight in the self-con-
tained, carefully particularized trifle:

and the Bordeaux plum
From Marmande (France in paren-
theses) with
A.G. on the base of the jar — Alexis
Godillot —

Unevenly blown beside a bubble that
is green when held up to the light. . . .

And they keep under
glass also, camellias catalogued by
lines across the leaf. . . .

Let us admit that this poetry is dif-
ficult, but compare it to the repetitious
emptiness of an easy, swinging lyric that
runs through the hand like water,
nothing remaining but a brief sense of
refreshment, and then hold fast one of
Marianne Moore's prickly products in a
fearless grasp and see the kernel of
mental and spiritual nourishment that
remains in one's possession.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF FORD MADDOX FORD

With an introduction by
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

The first extensive printing in
America of Mr. Ford's *Poems*. This
volume includes the poems which
first appeared in *Collected Poems*;
*On Heaven and Poems Written on
Active Service*; *New Poems* and a
section of hitherto unpublished
poems. \$3.00

IN TRACT OF TIME

By HELEN CORNELIUS

With an Introduction by Leonard
Bacon. These selections from the
author's verse, made and arranged
by her shortly before her death,
reveal a high gift of phrase and
rhythm. \$2.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue New York

Harrison Poetry

PLUMES OF SONG BY ANGELA LUSK

Cincinnati Post: "Lines that paint in words the things you
think but cannot express. Angela Lusk has gained emi-
nence as a musician; in this book she scores as a poet." \$1.25.

MORE POWER TO POETS! BY LUCIA TRENT AND RALPH CHEYNEY

A startling book of essays on poets and poetry. New
Orleans Times-Picayune: "There is a large package of food
for thought in these essays. The authors give every im-
pression that they know what they are talking about." *Unity*: "A thunderbolt hurled at social and literary sham.
Not since the reviewer first read Sir Philip Sidney's *Defense*
of Poesy has he discovered a volume so full of aphorisms
which ought to be framed and posted on the walls of every
poet's library." \$1.50.

LUMINOUS TOKEN BY BERTHA WILLIAMS

Pasadena Star-News: "Miss Williams possesses much of
the charm of Sara Teasdale, but her work is richer in emo-
tional profundity." \$1.50.

SCATTERED LEAVES BY IRVIN C. KREMER

Boston Globe: "Mr. Kremer writes with skilled assurance,
with a simplicity and freshness that is delightful." *Spokane*
Chronicle: "A cheerful, unobtrusive humor which sets his
material apart from much of the somber production current
this year." \$1.50.

PENCILLED HANDS BY H. NELSON HOOVEN

English Journal: "The poet has mastered his medium. The
poems delve among a variety of subjects, achieving lyric
intensity in what may best be described as a search for
underlying realities." \$1.50.

PENNY SHOW BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Illustrated by Herbert Fouts, this book was chosen as one
of the 50 best illustrated books of the year. Miss Davies'
poetry has appeared over many years in practically every
reputable publication. \$2.

FLAMINGO BY VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

Mrs. Laramore, who is the Poet Laureate of Florida, is the
winner of the \$100 George Sterling Memorial Prize, the
\$100 Bishop prize for the best poem against capital pun-
ishment, and twice winner of the \$50 Poetry Society prize
for a one-act play in verse. \$1.50.

THEY RISE ACCUSING BY CLYDE ROBERTSON

Portland Journal: "Graphic and pleasingly terse . . .
haunting poignancy and starkly vivid." *Los Angeles*
Record: "Versatile and sensitive poet." *Oakland Tribune*:
Poems of which the author may be proud." \$1.50.

SHELTER OF SONG BY ELIZABETH VOSS

Richmond Courier: "With this assured, craftsmanlike
volume, Mrs. Voss appears as a reckorable poet. You
may open *Shelter of Song* anywhere and be able to absorb
its unpretentious but sure wisdom and lyrically conceived
poems." \$1.50.

MYSELF LIMITED BY HENRY HARRISON

Cincinnati Times-Star: "Reading his poetry is watching life
riding down these lilting lyrics and we see what it does to
an old man who lives alone, a spinster who so wanted a
man, a first-born child, a harlot, an actress, a girl from Iowa,
a high yallah, and many more. The ultimate effect is
marvelous. He is an artist." \$1.50.

THE GOLDEN TROVE BY FRANCIS POTTER DANIELS

A first volume of the complete work of this Southern
poet, rich in poetic tradition. The Civil War is refought in
new glory in many of these authentic poems. \$2.25.

HENRY HARRISON, Poetry Publisher
430 Sixth Avenue, New York

SUMMERTIME in NEW YORK

Live in a beautiful and historic setting . . . directly facing on Gramercy Park . . . New York's only private Park . . . in one of New York's nicest hotels . . . convenient to all sections of the city.

Single rooms from \$2 daily

Attractive weekly rates

Moderate priced restaurant

Write for Booklet "F"

HOTEL PARKSIDE

20th ST. and IRVING PLACE

Under Knott Management

AT ALL GOOD NEWSSTANDS ..

THE FORUM AND CENTURY

35 CENTS A COPY



MAKING MONEY IN STOCKS

You can make money on the Stock Market. It is not difficult. Any man or woman of normal intelligence can learn the significance of financial, industrial, economic and political events—can chart, with reasonable accuracy, the influence of these events on stock trends. Such charting can permit you to forecast rise and fall of basic stocks—can net you hundreds of dollars. **BIG CAPITAL IS NOT NECESSARY.** Some of the great fortunes, made on the market, have resulted from modest beginnings and careful, scientific analysis of the influence of events on stock trends. The Financial Training Bureau will train you how to analyze the influence of current conditions on the market—how to make your own accurate charts of stock trends—how to forecast the rise and fall of markets. Every indication points to a boom soon to come. If you are prepared for it, you can profit from it. Be prepared!

FREE BOOK

So that you may see how these interesting Courses can help you to be an expert market analyst, we have prepared a valuable book, "How To Make Big Money In Finance" that we will send you absolutely free.

The book contains data that will be of great value to you. Some of its chapter heads follow:

Don't Merely Dream, Act!—Can You Do What Others Have Done?—Cashing In On Slumps—Two Phone Calls To Earn \$1000—Sound Training—Detecting Financial Effects of Coming Events—How Others Made Large Sums of Money—How To Assess Safety—Secrets of Successful Buying & Selling—A Share Which Rose From \$2 to \$60—Be Cautious of Tips—A High Priced Education Not Essential—Getting Your Start With Little Money—The Remunerative Profession of Investment Expert—Did You Lose This Opportunity?—Booms to Come Which Will Make Fortunes—Making Money On Seasonal Fluctuations—You Don't Need To Live in the City—Cautious Finance—Not Gambling—The Art of Switching—Presidential Election Opportunities—How To Detect Coming Business Boom or Depression—The Thrill of Making Money—A Successful Student—Plenty of Fortunes Still to be Made—Take Your Opportunity Now.

Send Coupon for your FREE copy now

FINANCIAL TRAINING BUREAU
Dept. 1, 1500 Cadillac Square Building
Detroit, Michigan

Send me at once, without obligation, your FREE book, "How To Make Big Money In Finance."

Name
Address
City State

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

MONOGAMY

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find my subscription to your interesting magazine.

The six months' acquaintance I have had with it have demonstrated its particular value for me in furnishing me with views that are opposite to those of the Catholic Church and laying up for me a mine of material useful in setting off by a dark background what I personally am satisfied is the truth.

One can easily appreciate that a magazine with the aims of THE FORUM will admit to its pages the queerest opinions. But I find it hard to understand how the article "Monogamy Is an Art" [May issue] ever reached the pages of a publication designed for thinking people. Most of it is just pure drivel, and, if the thoughts expounded by the anonymous lady with three children and only the Lord knows how many men "on the side" were expressed in the language of the street, they would be offensive both in substance and in mode.

There is not much fault to be found with the mode she uses in expressing her thought. But if one were seriously impressed by her eulogy of "surmounting an inhibition" he would begin to doubt his sanity. In my professional capacity I have dealt with all classes of people but I have never run across a man who ever was convinced that, when he had relations with a woman who was not his wife, he had been going up on a "windswept, sun-drenched hill after groveling in a mine of indecision and inaction." Thank God, the men I have met, no matter how frequent their intercourse with women not their wives, have all been honest enough to admit that it was their passion that went up the hill and they remained to do the groveling.

It is encouraging to learn that the efficiency of modern birth-control methods is perhaps responsible for woman's recent honesty in admitting that she is neither "a cold angel nor degraded prostitute." But the implication that women who do not feel that way about it are dishonest is a pure assumption and nothing more. As a matter of fact it would have been far more interesting if the lady proved, instead of merely assuming, that marriage is not the application of a natural law. Are such articles to be given serious consideration, or are they printed merely to relieve the serious nature of articles that are contiguous?

We Catholic priests listen to similar stories of "artistic management" sometimes in the confessional. But they are

recognitions of human weakness, not silly attempts to save a dying moral organism with an injection of high-sounding but shallow nonsense. As far as saving the organism is concerned, it is as useful as an injection of water when a patient is dying of typhoid fever. The particular fever the lady in question is evidently suffering from is not cured by words.

I have no objection if you print any or all of this communication. As a matter of fact I should have more respect for your magazine if you printed it in its entirety.

With cordial good wishes for success, I am,

CYRIL F. MEYER, C. M.

St. John's University
Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The anonymous article . . . is a sample of how corrupt people can become. . . . The fact that she was ashamed to put her name to the article is the only clean spot in all the filth. I sincerely hope she was ashamed, if she still knows what shame means. You too have co-operated with her in giving publicity to such an article.

ALFRED JOSEPH GALLAGHER, S. J.
University of Detroit
Detroit, Mich.

To the Editor:

Your article . . . struck me as so beautifully sensible that I should like to comment on it. I dare say you will rule out my remarks when you learn that I am not only a spinster but am nearly fifty years old — and yet I am qualified to speak in a way, because I have occupied a strategic position from which to observe this thing called marriage. I have seen men at their business and the same men in their homes. . . .

What I think ails the "wronged" wife is that her pride gets a terrible wound if she is conscious that the community looks on her as a woman scorned. . . .

I am not so sure of my wounded-pride theory in regard to the man. A husband may be truly jealous for his paternity, actual or potential.

What would gripe me most if I were a wife would be to feel — as every wife does — that I were working myself to skin and bone and some other woman who wasn't bearing the heat of the day was getting all the plums — all the smiles and complimentary remarks and spontaneously offered gifts.

O. M.

Leominster, Mass.

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Established 1906
 FEATURED EVERY MONTH IN EIGHT PUBLICATIONS
 OUR GROUP OF QUALITY MAGAZINES
*Atlantic Monthly, Current History, The Forum, Harpers
 Magazine, Mid-Week Pictorial (2 issues), Nature
 Magazine, Review of Reviews and Scribner's Magazine*

For space and rates in our departments write to
 THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADA

TRAVEL



The early receipt of copy is requested
NEWFOUNDLAND

YOU'LL FIND A MAGIC
 WONDERLAND IN

NEWFOUNDLAND

ENJOY brisk, sparkling days ... cool, restful nights in the land Indians called "The Great Island." A healthy vacation treat is in store for you with all outdoors at your command—fishing in streams, camping in forests, canoeing, sailing, golfing, sightseeing. Modern camps and hotels offer attractive low rates.



Write for free booklet, "Come to Newfoundland," to Newfoundland Information Bureau, Dept. F., 620 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., or Newfoundland Tourist Development Board, St. Johns, Newfoundland, or any travel agency.

Remember—small copy is BIG in Where-To-Go
TRAVEL ACCESSORIES

Mothersills
 SEASICK REMEDY
 Guarantees A Perfect Voyage

Montréal
 Metropolis of Québec Canada

The Paris of North America
 Gateway to the Laurentian Playground.
 Delightfully reached by rail, steamer or motor.
 Your Local Information Bureau can supply you with free maps and illustrated booklets, or write direct to:

QUÉBEC PROVINCIAL TOURIST BUREAU 5A 36
 Québec - Prov. Québec - Canada

MAINE

RANGELEY LAKE HOTEL
 RANGELEY LAKES, MAINE
 Private \$500,000 lakeside estate. Elevation 1600 feet. No hay fever. Fine golf course at door. All sports. Dancing, movies, Refreshments. From \$6.00 per day with meals. Cottages. Fishing.

PLEASANT ISLAND LODGE

Pleasant Island, Me. Rangeley region. Stream-lake fishing. Reached by new auto road through birches from Oquossoc. W. U. Toothaker, Prop.
DEER ISLE (Penobscot Bay) Maine
 THE FINE INN & COTTAGES. Farm lands and Balsam Groves. Rates low. FELSTED on the Shore. Miles of Maine Coast and acres of wild woods. Rates moderate. Golf, Shore sports and motor trips by sea and land. Write S. B. KNOWLTON, SUNSET, MAINE

VERMONT

SHANTY SHANE A Summer Lodge For Families
 Golf, Tennis, Water Sports, Good Cuisine. Booklet. Shanty Shane, Ely, Vermont.

CONNECTICUT

For congenial people of quiet tastes Interlaken offers the enjoyment of health and recreation in a delightfully friendly atmosphere. Berkshire lake region.
INTERLAKEN INN, LAKEVILLE, CONN.

WORLD TOURS

NO. 3 ... \$579.90 UP
 (Combination of Classes)

Take 75 days or two years, on one inclusive ticket! Tour No. 3 includes Japan, China, Singapore, Rangoon, India, the Mediterranean, England. This, and the other five most popular tours, described in special folder. See your own agent or Canadian Pacific: New York, 344 Madison Ave.; Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd.; San Francisco, 152 Geary St.; 38 other cities in the United States and Canada.



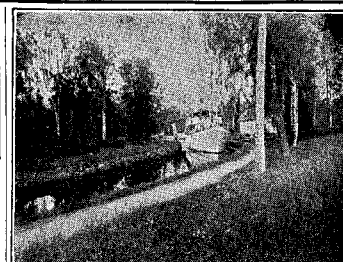
Canadian Pacific

ORIENT
 TOURS \$5.75 PER DAY
 2 MONTHS' TRIP \$322

Round-the-World Tours \$509-\$645. One-Class "General" ships. Portland to Yokohama \$172, Kobe \$177, Shanghai \$198, Hong Kong \$215, Manila \$215. SEE YOUR TICKET AGENT OR WRITE DEPT. 27 STATES STEAMSHIP LINES, Portland, Oregon

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The BALSAMS
 No hay fever. Largest hotel estate in White Mts. Also cottages. 18-hole golf. From \$6 daily with meals.
DIXVILLE NOTCH, N.H. Frank Dondora, Prop.



Where-To-Go for Aug. closes June 29
TEXAS

Free! **TEXAS**
 NEW 32 PAGE PICTORIAL BOOKLET ON WHAT YOU'LL SEE IN
TEXAS
 DURING THE
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS

More than 150 photographs, many in four colors. Send for this pre-view of Texas, then see it all for yourself during the Celebrations. Visit the \$25,000,000 World's Fair at Dallas; the Frontier Centennial at Fort Worth. See San Antonio, Galveston-on-the-Gulf, Houston, Amarillo, El Paso and other points. Come to Texas..

MAIL COUPON

TEXAS CENTENNIAL 16-E
 State Headquarters, Dallas, Texas
 Please send literature on Texas and Centennial Celebrations to:

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

You'll
 Find It
 First
 in the
FORUM!

Mr. Henry Goddard Leach
THE FORUM
 570 Lexington Ave., New York City

Dear Mr. Leach:

... I suppose in all some three score magazines come to my desk, covering, besides the usual run of reading material, a wide range of nearly all the sciences.

Despite my busy life in running a large business and in carrying on a large program of social-service work, I make time to read much. Looking back over a long period of years, I recall no editor who has, more than you (1st) shown the rare ability to anticipate coming events (2nd) had the high moral courage to handle these fearlessly. . . .

San Francisco, Calif.

C. M. GOETHE.

Our Rostrum

To the Editor:

... "Monogamy Is an Art" commences with the assertion that "monogamy is not natural to man." Constructions founded on such a false fundamental premise must be necessarily erroneous and inimical to civilized social progress. The author's "practical hints on staying happily married" can be accepted only by persons essentially greedy and dishonorable, for her "hints" in plain words are infidelity to the marriage partner and deception concerning the infidelity. As an excuse for cheating and lying, the author says: "It is good for the individual soul to refuse to be frustrated." Her terminology is a little indefinite. Certainly no proof exists anywhere that gratification of every desire is best for individual happiness, character, intelligence, economics, health, social relations, productive activity, or any single one of these. . . .

The actual blame for the breakdown of marriage in America is often indefinitely ascribed to post-War conditions. The blame can be put more accurately on the wide popularization of the Freudian pansexual dogma and some attendant errors of Freudian psychoanalysis. . . .

... If Mrs. Anonymous of Westchester has a philosophy for the guidance of the married that could be accepted by those of intelligence and honor, need her identity require obscurity? When her philosophy is presented to the young married people of our country in an article which says, practically, that the art of living with one person is to live with many and not tell, then the anonymity is explicable.

RUSSELL G. MACROBERT, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

... I find myself alarmed by the assumption that the economic significance of extramarital affairs is considered negligible and unworthy of mention by Anonymous. The theory of conduct in marriage which seems ideal to the author of "Monogamy Is an Art" is just and workable only if the woman partner has a private income or if the man's income is of such proportions that her dependence is hardly to be termed that.

If the woman works to support the joint home . . . then the woman can find no justice in her husband's extramarital affairs.

I only wish it were possible to separate money and emotion in marriage. . . .

B. C. K.
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The author's axiom, "Be as happy as you can without hurting others," is an excellent guide as far as it goes. It is a guide to ethical behavior in all fields, for the only sin in the world is hurting other people. But this involves the correlated sin of voluntarily taking the chance of hurting other people. Who would venture to say that such a chance is not practically always taken by a married person who enters into an outside relationship, particularly where there are children involved, as well as a marital partner?

The author's lack of the sophistication on which she obviously prides herself is nowhere more clearly revealed than in her discussion of the problem, to tell or not to tell. It is the height of naïveté to assume, as she does, that the only alternative to knowledge is blissful ignorance. There is, of course, the additional possibility of suspicion. . . .

The further question arises as to the general influence on character of the habitual practice of concealment and insincerity in marital relations. Can one be continuously dishonest in one of the fundamental areas of experience and not have it affect his general sincerity and frankness? Why is the policy of yielding to impulse and "surmounting an inhibition" applicable to sex desires any more than to those of property or any other great interest?

No, alas! Anonymous has not found the answer. Life does not arrange itself according to the simple categories that she assumes. . . . Every sex problem is a particular problem. . . . The nearest possible approach to the solution . . . is to be found in a rational, common-sense, ethical analysis of all the special factors involved, and it is futile to hope that it will always or in any large proportion of cases be a happy one. The perfectly sound observation which the author makes that it is too much to expect of marriage that it should be happy is merely another of her half-truths. She should have gone on to perceive that it is too much to expect of any sex life that it should be happy. Until there comes a revolution in human nature or in the character of society or both, which we have not the slightest grounds to anticipate, sex must remain both the source of the highest flights of ecstasy and the occasion of persistent and inescapable misery. The hard but undeniable fact is that this is not a happy world.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD
New York University
New York, N. Y.

GOOD OLD ENGLAND

To the Editor:

The English part of me thanks Mr.

Lin Yutang ["The English Think in Chinese," JUNE FORUM] for his discerning study of a people which the late Mr. Walter Page described as "eternally baffling." He says we are not logical, but what in the world does logic accomplish nowadays, and what sort of a world would it be if everybody were logical? I have enough cheekiness, as he calls it, to claim that by being illogical we add zest to the otherwise humdrum lives of those who expect us to act exactly as they would expect us to act and blame us when we do not because we have not done what we would have done if we were going to do what there is every reason that we should not do and "the English have no sense of humor anyway." No, but we chortle a lot, and that helps our blood to circulate without boiling except when a friend lets us down.

It is a compliment to be told by so charming a writer that we "think in Chinese." I hope we shall continue to be inconsistent, manly, and not too imposingly imposing; but oh, Lin Yutang, I don't believe even an Englishman is imposing when he has a cold in the head. It is to forestall this indignity that he carries an umbrella.

GERALD CAMPBELL
British Consulate General
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

... Speaking with the lofty detachment of a Scot, I agree that the English do exhibit some distrust of a too logical argument. I suspect, however, that the true reason for such distrust is that logic is inclined to prove a tyrant. Now the Englishman likes his individual liberty, and especially he demands the right of being stupid in his own way. . . .

It is perhaps also true that the English "never allow themselves to be lost in their own thoughts and abstractions." . . . One might add that they are better at games and gardens than at intellectual speculation. I do not profess to know if this is a manifestation of "English common sense." I have always suspected that phrase of being a consolatory balm like such proverbs as "Honesty is the best policy," apropos of a business defeat. . . .

As to the British Empire and how did the English people do it, I suggest that the inspiration was primarily due to the Scots, who . . . have with consummate genius used the English as hewers of wood and drawers of water. . . .

... We, the Scots and the Irish, will always be unhappy and unquiet, while the Englishman sits placidly watching the seasons change and reporting the fact in the correspondence columns of the *London Times*!

ANGUS FLETCHER
New York, N. Y.



Lake Patzcuaro scene

Mexico City PLUS

You've learned of Mexico from your friends. They've told you of Mexico City's marvelous climate and "foreign" air. They've spoken of the good rail service (in some cases de luxe), of the air conditioned sleepers, and the modest cost of their excursions.

Haven't you noticed, too, that the most enthusiastic visitors are those who have gone *beyond* Mexico's enchanting cities — who have seen the real Mexico?

Ask your travel agent to submit suggested itineraries from which to choose, including Mexico City, Guadalajara, Uruapan, Lake Patzcuaro, Morelia, Oaxaca, Mitla, Monte Alban, etc.

Ask for free folder

NATIONAL RAILWAYS of MEXICO

201-E North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.



SUMMERTIME in NEW YORK

Live in a beautiful and historic setting . . . directly facing on Gramercy Park . . . New York's only private Park . . . in one of New York's nicest hotels . . . convenient to all sections of the city.

Single rooms from \$2 daily

Attractive weekly rates

Moderate priced restaurant

Write for Brochure "F"

HOTEL PARKSIDE

20th ST. and IRVING PLACE

Under Knott Management

Why Don't You WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy-Desk Method teaches you how to write — the way newspaper men learn, by writing. We have prepared a unique "Writing Aptitude Test" which tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Suite 536-H, One Park Avenue

New York, N. Y.

At All Good Newsstands
THE FORUM
35 cents a copy

TOASTS

J. GEORGE FREDERICK is a writer, business economist, and publisher. He is the author of many books on business and economics, including *A Philosophy of Production*, *Readings in Economic Planning*, and *A Primer of New Deal Economics*.

STRUTHERS BURT, since he last appeared in THE FORUM, has published two novels, *Festival* and *Entertaining the Islanders*. This fall Scribners will bring out a new book, a collection of articles called *Escape from America*. The title is sardonic, since Mr. Burt maintains that no American can escape from America.

HOMER A. HARVEY is of Quaker ancestry. He taught Romance Languages for a time in two universities and has been practicing medicine since 1916. At present he lives in Batavia, New York. He is resigned to the possibility that readers of his article will picture him as a "withered and sanctimonious personage" breathing the "rarefied atmosphere of moral orthodoxy."

A MODERN MOTHER, Mr. Harvey's opponent in this month's debate, is a housewife of Westchester County, New York, who writes a little as a sideline.

JEROME BEATTY, who wrote "Lawyers on the Loose," in the June, 1935, issue of THE FORUM, is an ex-newspaperman who has been free-lancing since 1929.

FRANK A. SOUTHARD, JR., won a prize for his book, *American Industry in Europe*, in 1931 and thereupon went to Cornell University as assistant professor of economics. He is still teaching there, following an interlude as Senior Economist with the United States Tariff Commission, during which time he worked on plans for the trade agreement between Canada and this country.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, 1935 Pulitzer Poetry Prize winner, teaches at Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine.

GABRIEL FARRELL has been Director of the Perkins Institution for the blind, at Watertown, Massachusetts, since 1931. Beyond ordinary schooling of the blind, he has interested himself especially in the psychiatric problems of his handicapped pupils.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, one of America's foremost liberals, after a distinguished career in editing both newspapers and left-wing magazines is devoting himself to free-lance writing and lecturing and to an advisory editorial position with *The Nation*.

MARJORIE H. LYON is a secretary employed by a New York City law firm and spends her spare time studying writing at Columbia University. This is her second published story.

ASIA Magazine

announces a prize contest for
photographs of the Orient

First prize \$50

Second prize \$25

Third prize \$10

Ten additional prizes of \$5 each

Prizes will be awarded on the basis of quality, composition and unusual interest of subject. There are no limitations as to the size, subject or type of photographs. The names of the judges will be announced in ASIA before the close of the contest.

Each photograph must be lightly marked on the back with the name and address of the entrant, together with ample description of the photograph, including the name of the town and country where it was taken and the date taken.

Any photograph reproduced in ASIA, other than the winning ones, will be paid for at the rate of \$3 each and will become the property of ASIA Magazine. No photograph will be eligible which has already been published in an English-language periodical. In case of a tie for any of the prizes, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to all tying contestants. The winners, by acceptance of the prizes, unconditionally transfer to ASIA Magazine all rights to the winning photographs.

The lands regarded as oriental for the purpose of this contest are: Afghanistan, Arabia, Borneo (Dutch & British), Burma, Ceylon, China, French Indo-China, Hawaii, India, Iran, Iraq, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Malay States, Manchoukuo, Mongolia (Inner & Outer), New Guinea (British & Dutch), Netherlands East Indies, Palestine, Nepal, Philippine Islands, Siam, Sinkiang, South Sea Islands, Straits Settlements, Syria, Tibet, Transjordan, Turkey, Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (Asiatic part).

Contest closes November 1, 1936

Awards will be announced in the
January 1937 issue

Address envelopes to
Photographic Contest

ASIA Magazine

40 East 49th Street

New York

Happy Holiday



THIS is vacation time. Millions of people are away. Other millions are getting ready for trips—to mountains and seashore and lakes—to the country or to foreign lands.

Distance doesn't matter any more. Your family may be scattered temporarily to the four winds—children at camp, mother visiting back home, father at the office—but all may be reunited again, instantly, by the simple calling of a number.

The telephone helps in many ways to make your vacation happy and carefree. Say the word and it will run down to the store and do your last-minute shopping. Stop off at the railroad, bus or steamship office for information. Enable you to reserve hotel accommodations. Say goodbye to friends or carry a reassuring word of your safe arrival.

Day or night you can be many places—quickly, efficiently, and at small cost—by telephone.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM